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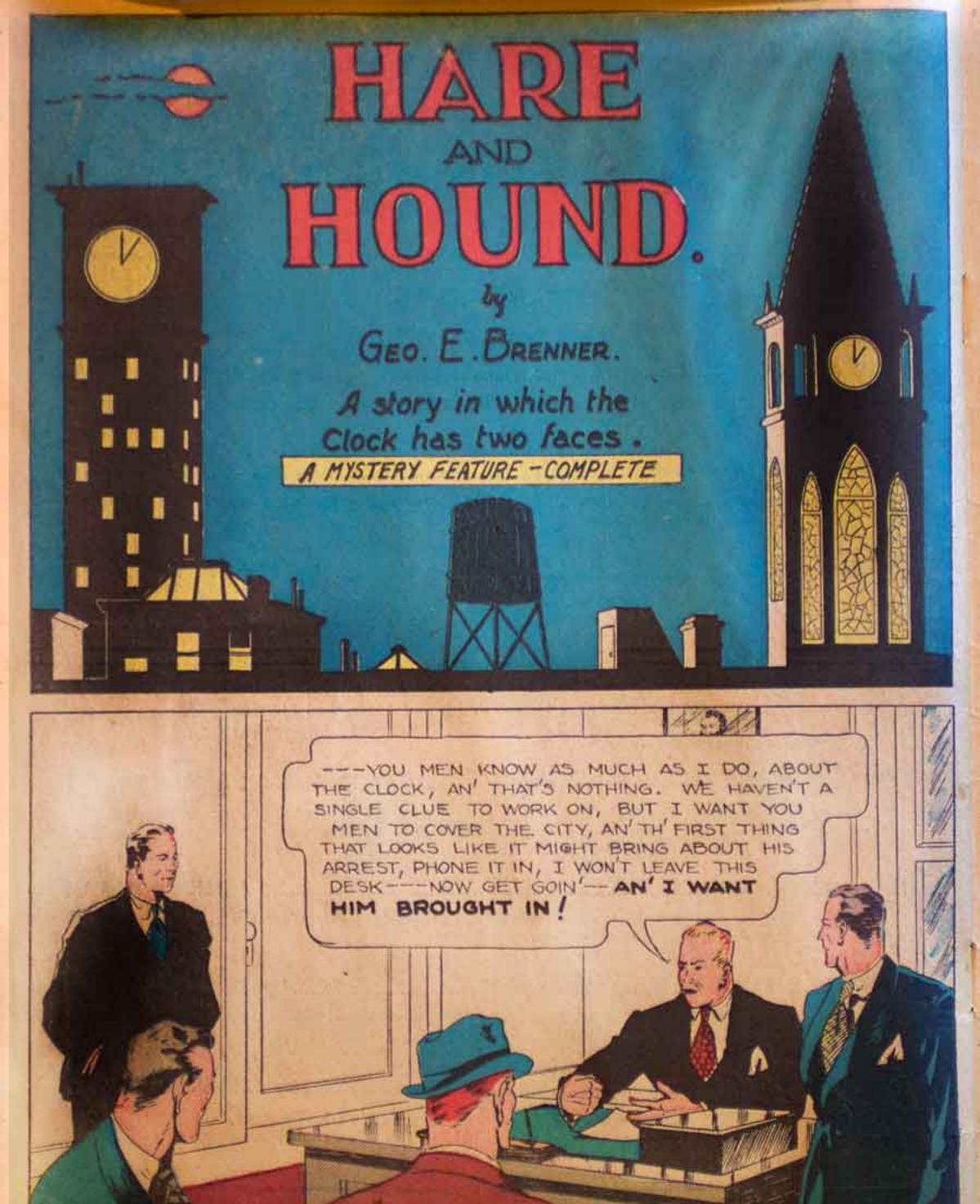
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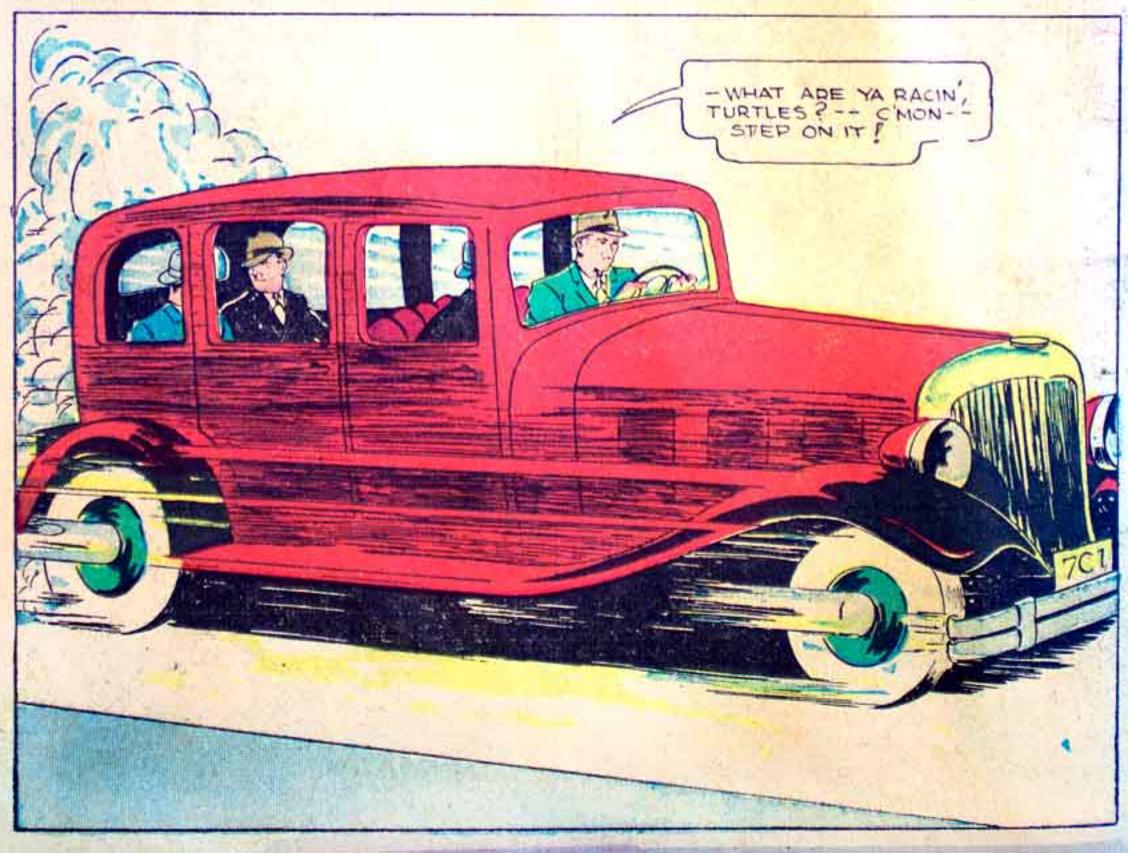
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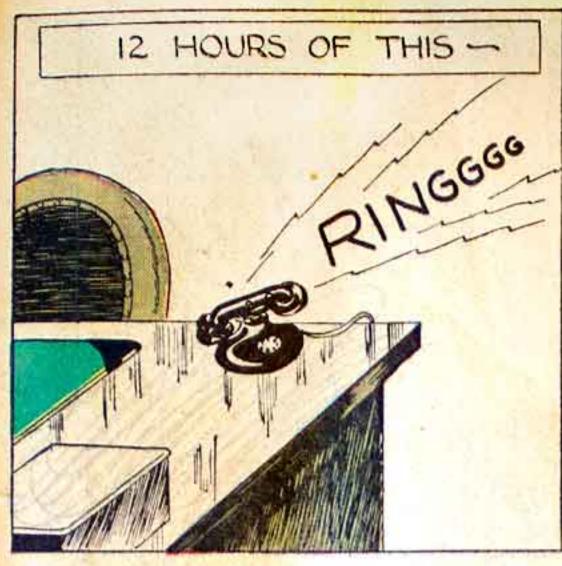
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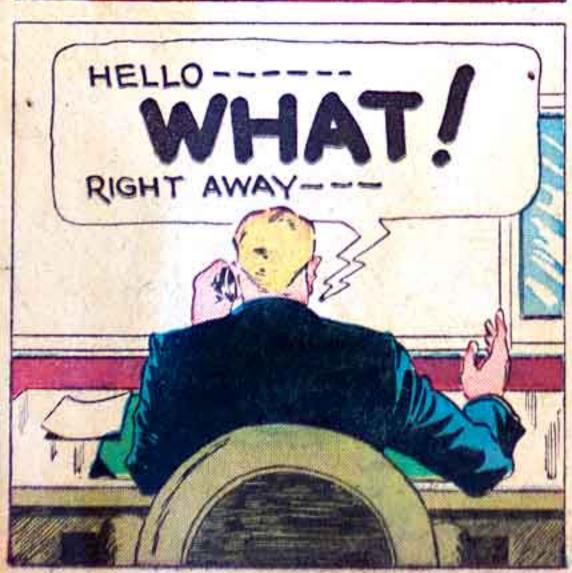


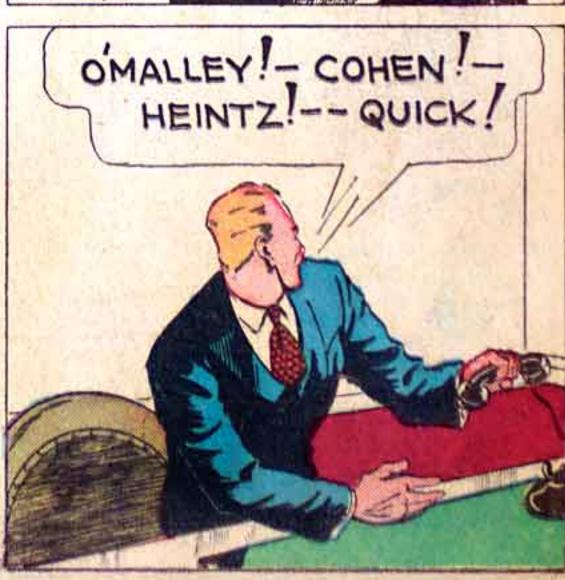








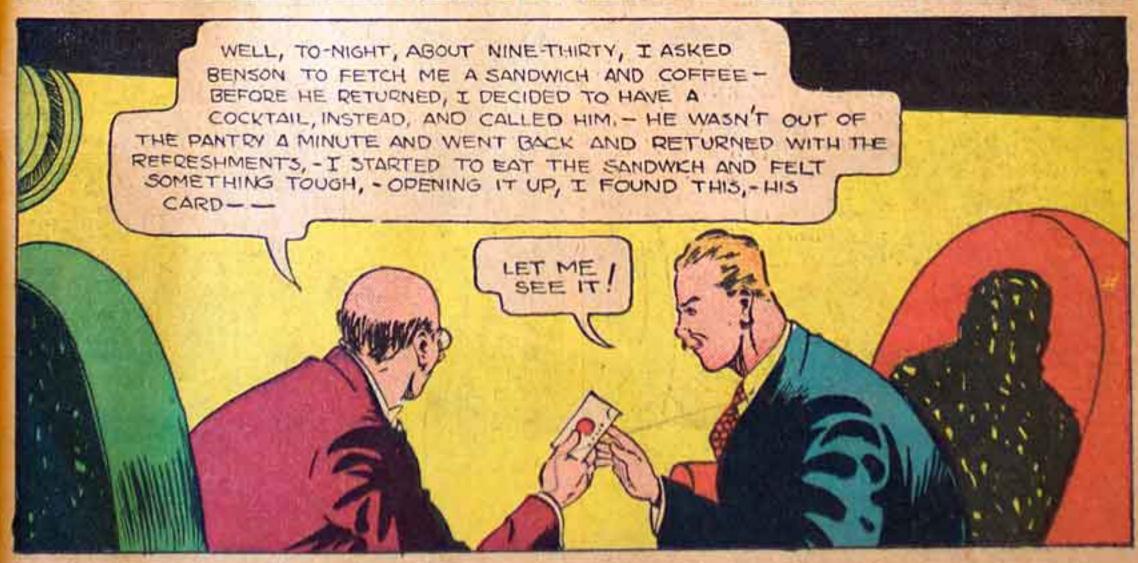


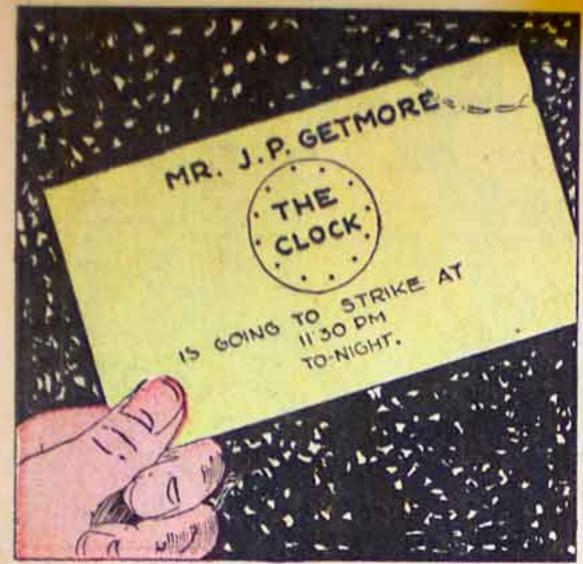












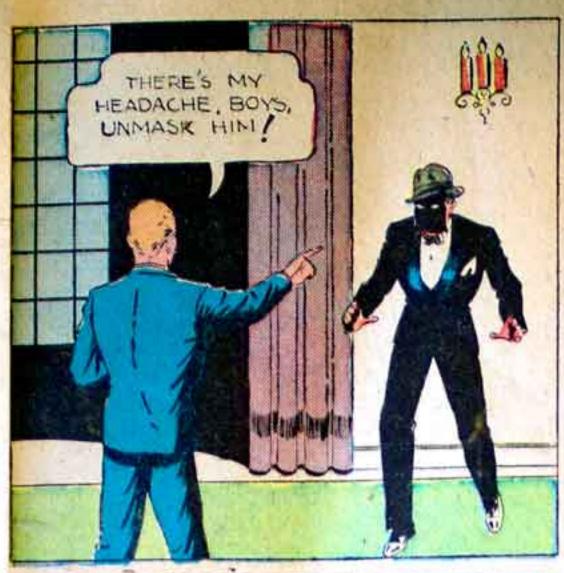




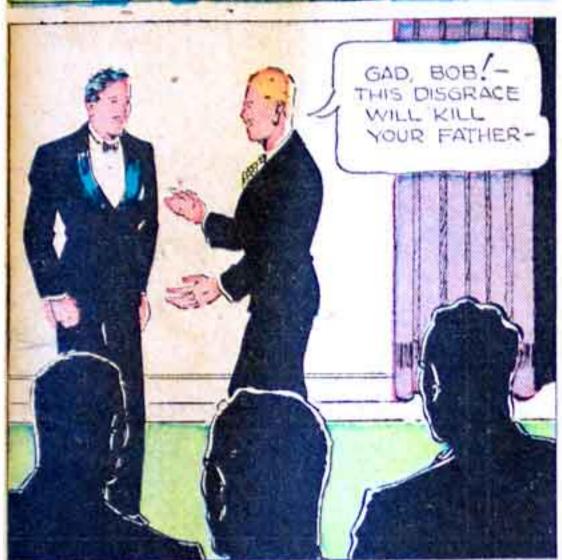








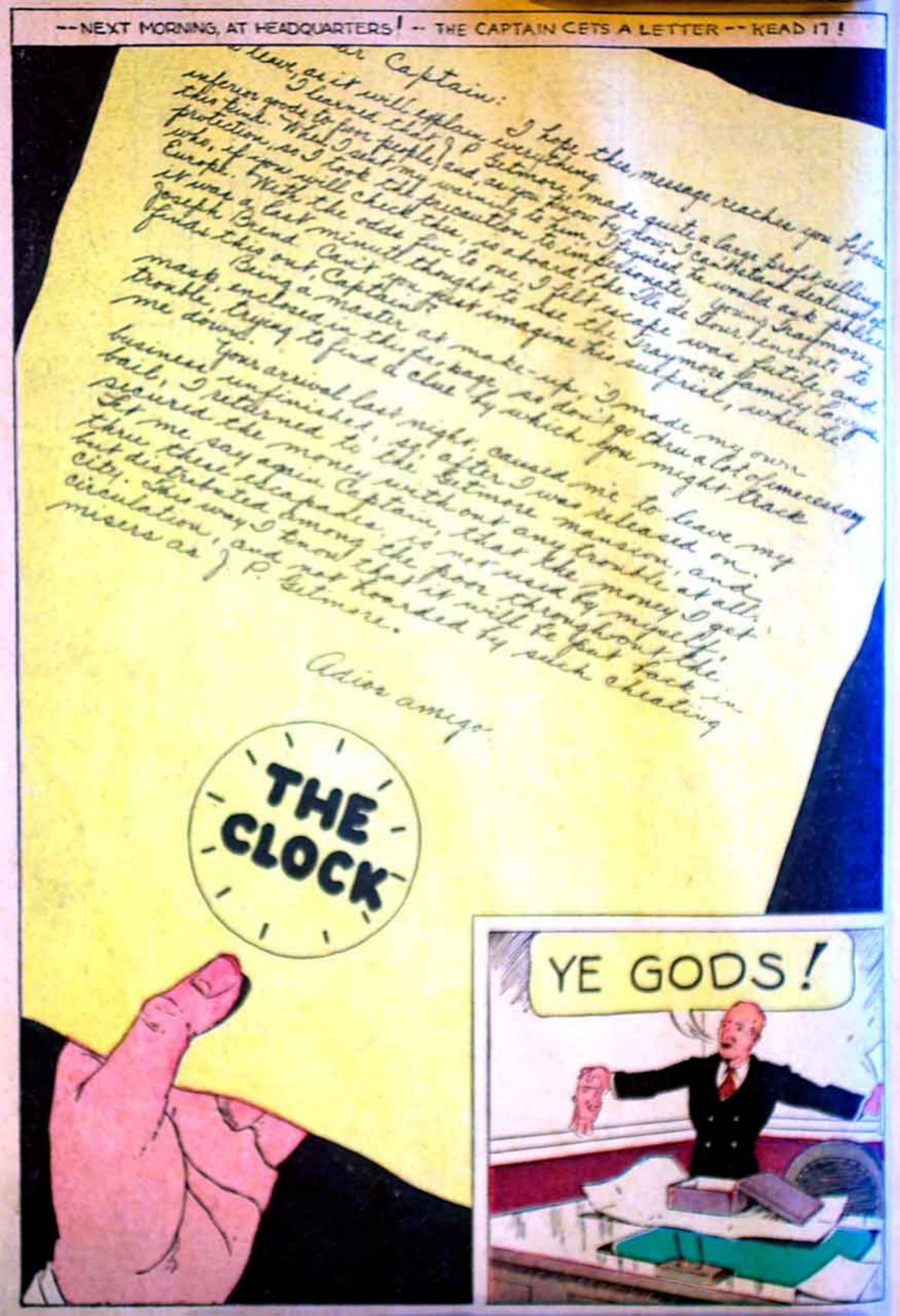


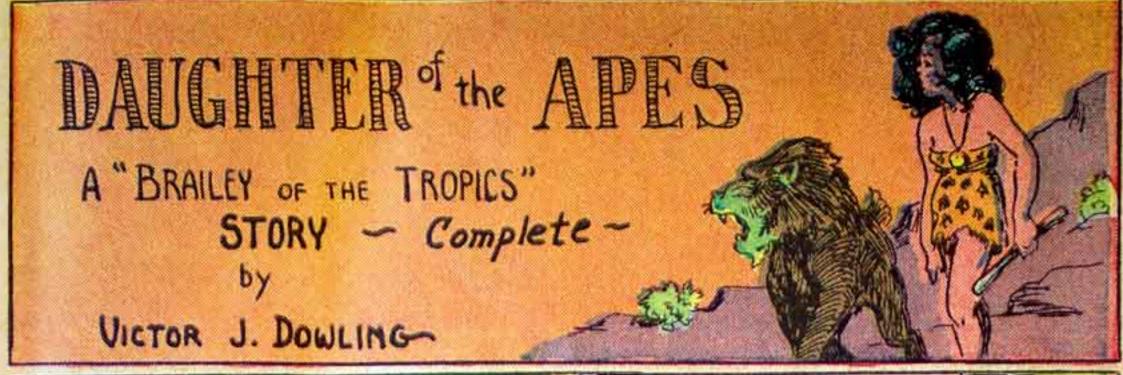












FAR IN THE

MORTH

OF THE

COMGO JUNGLE

JOE BRAILEY

HAS CAPTURED

A MUMBER OF

RARE

OKAPI CALUES,

AND PREPARES

FOR THE LONG

JOURNEY

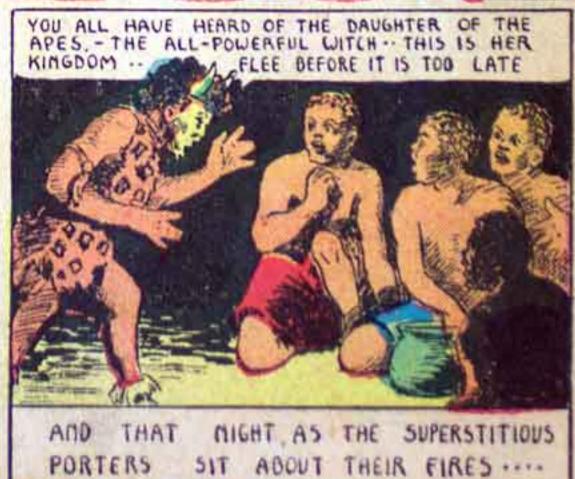
BACK TO

CIVILIZATION.









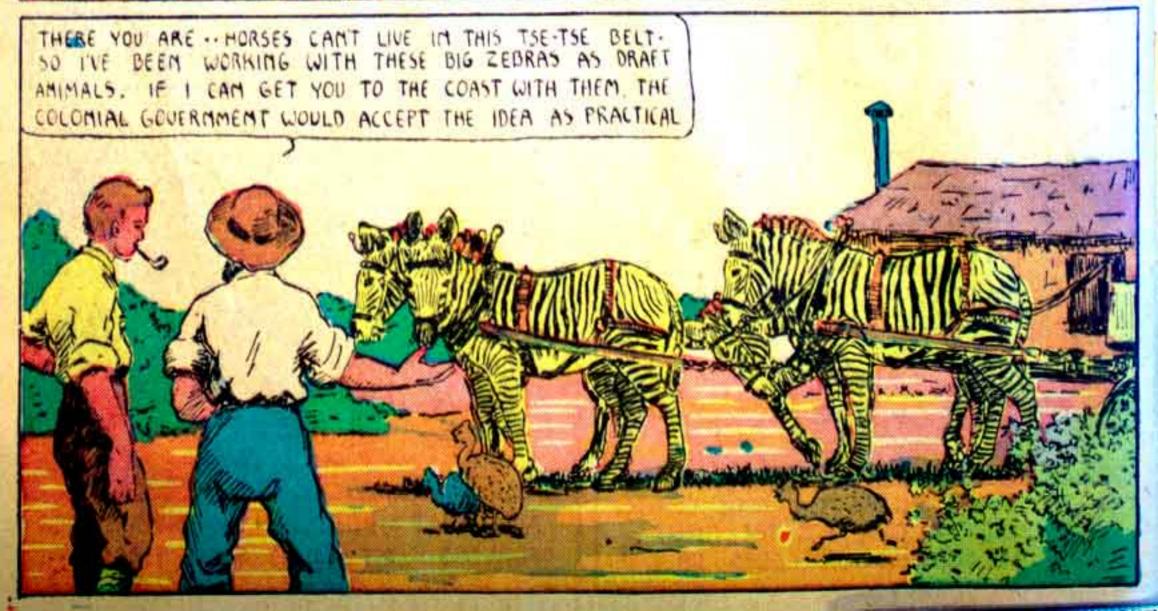


HIMSELF DESERTED EXCEPT FOR











FAR OUT ON THE PLAIM .A GREAT HOARY MANDRILL BARKS THE "ALL'S WELL" SIGNAL ...



AND A TROOP OF APES COMES INTO THE OPEN, ACCOMPANIED BY A HUMAN CHILD



AS THEY FEED, A LEOPARD SLINKS OUT FROM A THORN BUSH TOWARD A STRAYING YOUNG ONE



THE GREAT CAT LEAPS



AND CARRIES ITS PREY INTO THE THORMY SCRUB, WHERE THE PURSUING APES DARE NOT FOLLOW



BUT THE CHILD OPENS A LOCKET THAT HANGS ABOUT HER NECK, AND WITH THE LENSES AS A BURNING GLASS SETS FIRE TO THE DRIED BRUSH

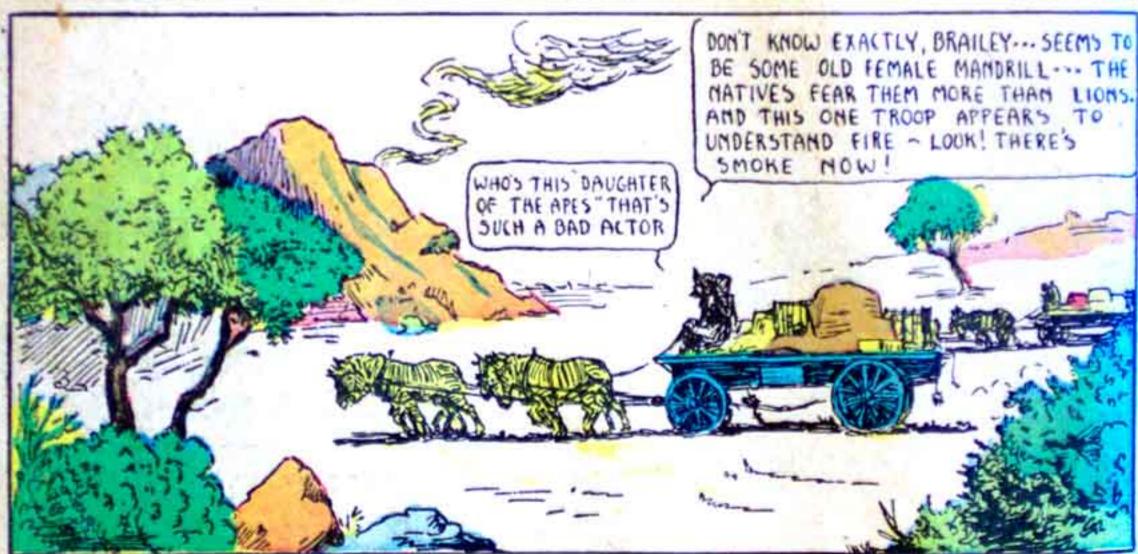


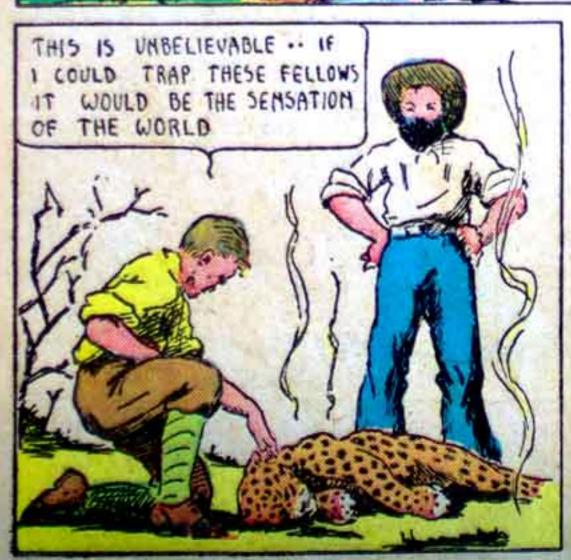
AS THE LEOPARD IS FORCED INTO THE OPEN IT IS TORM TO PIECES BY THE ENRAGED OLD MALES

DEVELOP THIS COUNTRY - ESPECIALLY WITH THE WITCHDOCTORS OPPOSING ME -- I'LL ALWAYS BELIEVE THEY HAS
SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE DISAPPEARANCE OF MY LITTLE
BETTY --- IT'S ONLY THE HOPE THAT I MAY FIND HER
IN SOME MATIVE VILLAGE THAT KEEPS ME GOING



MEANWHILE - BACK AT CAMP JOE BRAILLY LOADS HIS ANIMALS ON THE WAGGONS









THEIR FISTS CLOSED ABOUT THE BAIT ARE TOO LARGE TO PASS THROUGH THE SMALL HOLE, AND THEY STRUGGLE IN VAIN TO WITHDRAW THEM





SENSING THE SITUATION , THE CHILD SMASHES THE TRAPS THAT IMPRISON HER STRANGE COMRADES ...

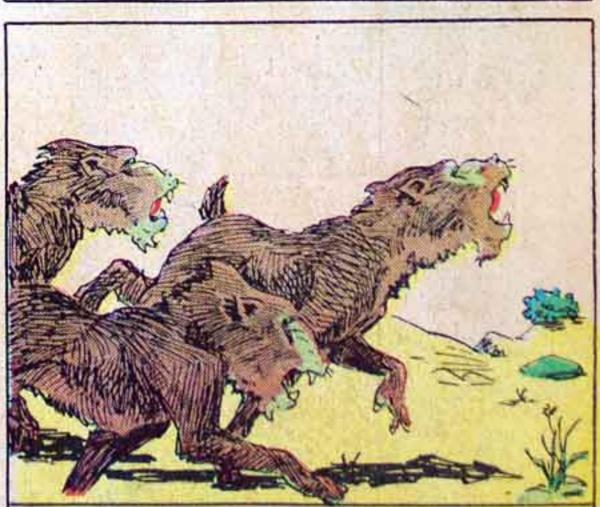


BUT THUS DELAYED, SHE IS QUICKLY

OUERTAKEN



THE LONG WILD CHILD STRUGGLES AND SCREAMS IN TERROR ...



AND WITH A ROAR OF RAGE THE WARRIOR MALES TURN TO THE RESCUE



A SHOT FROM BRAILEY'S REVOLVER HALTS



ONLY THE OLD LEADER COMES ON





THE CHILD RUNS FEARLESSLY TO THE FALLEN MONSTER

BACK IN
THE QUIET
OF CAMP
LITTLE
BETTY
GRADUALLY
RECALLS
THE MEMORY
OF HER
FATHER





FEARING THAT HIS CRIME MAY BE DISCOURRED THE WITCH-DOCTOR HAS FOLLOWED THE WAGGONS



AND HOPING THAT THE CHILD HAS NOT YET REVEALED HIS GUILT, HE STEALS INTO THE TENT

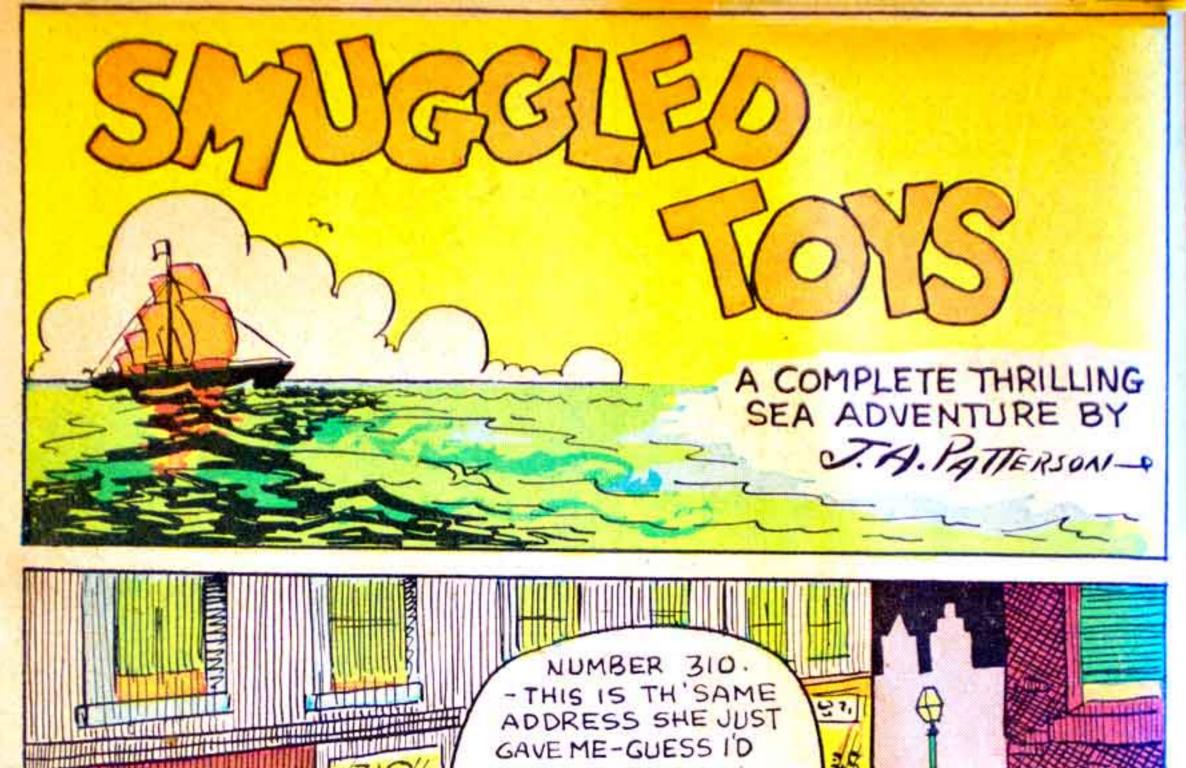


BUT, AT THE CHILD'S REQUEST, THE OLD APE HAS BEEN CHAINED CLOSE BY HER COT



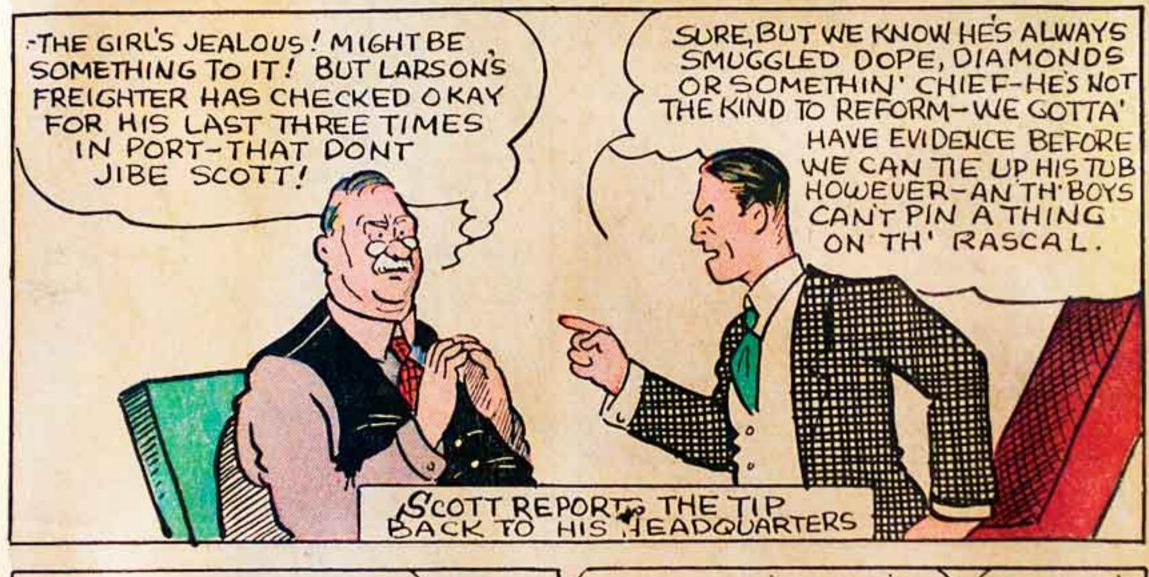
A MONTH
LATER
BRAILEY
AND HIS
OKAPIS
ARRIVE
SAFELY
AT THE
COAST













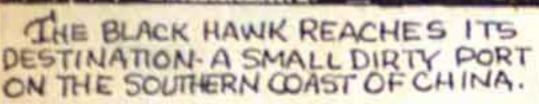


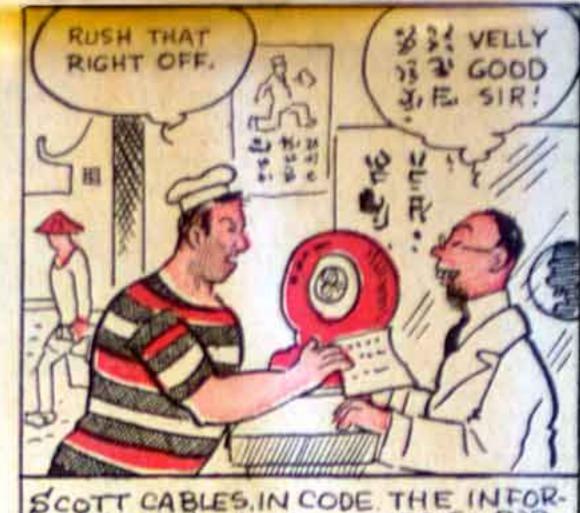
PIERT LARSON'S FREIGHTER THE BLACK HAWK SAILS THE NEXT DAY FOR FAR OFF CHINA











SCOTT CABLES, IN CODE THE INFOR-MATION HE HAS LEARNED SO FAR









THE BLACK HAWK AND ITS CREW START HOMEWARD AND REACH INITHIN A FEW MILES OF THE U.S. BEFORE SCOTT HAS AN OPPORTUNITY TO CHECK UP ON THE CON-TENTS OF THE MYSTERIOUS RED LABEL CASES.





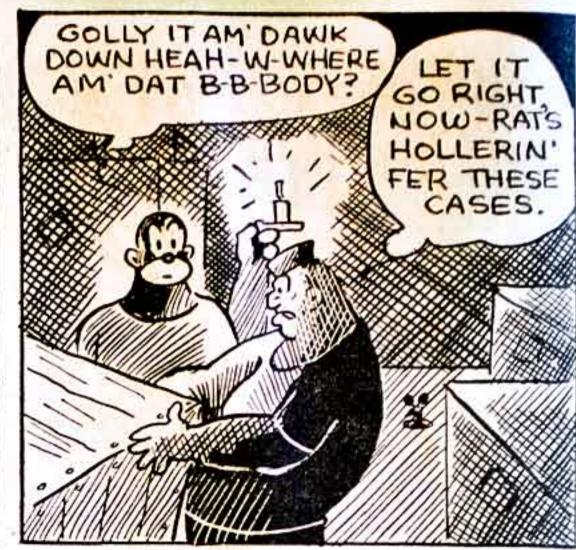




















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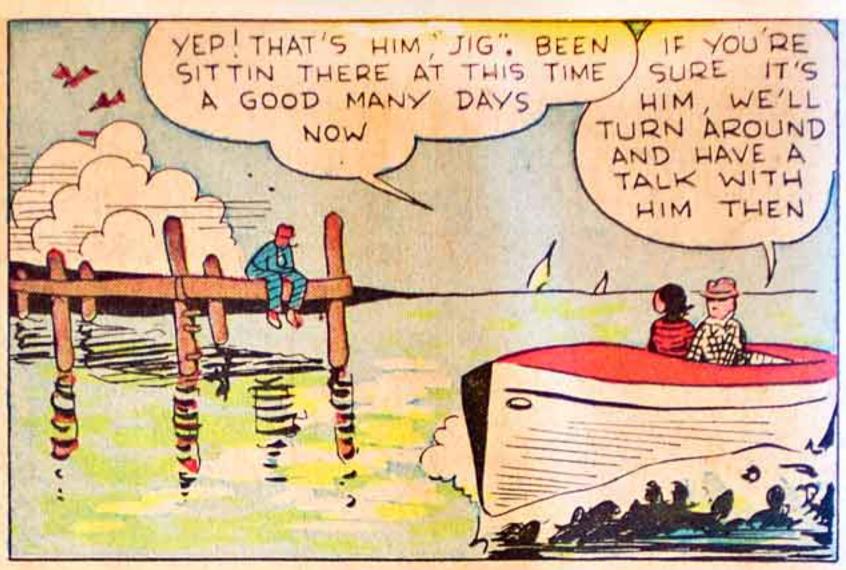
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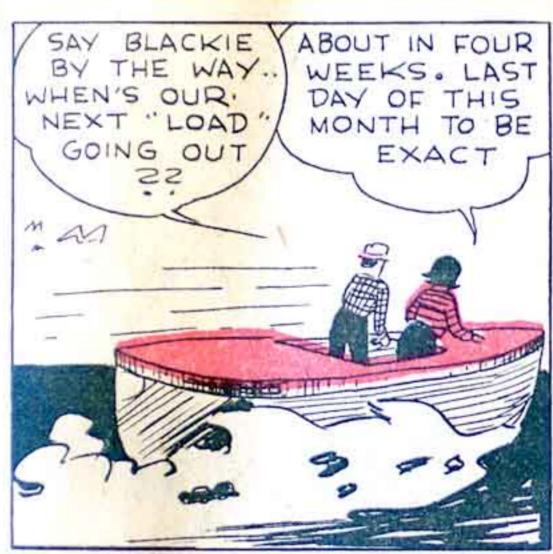
















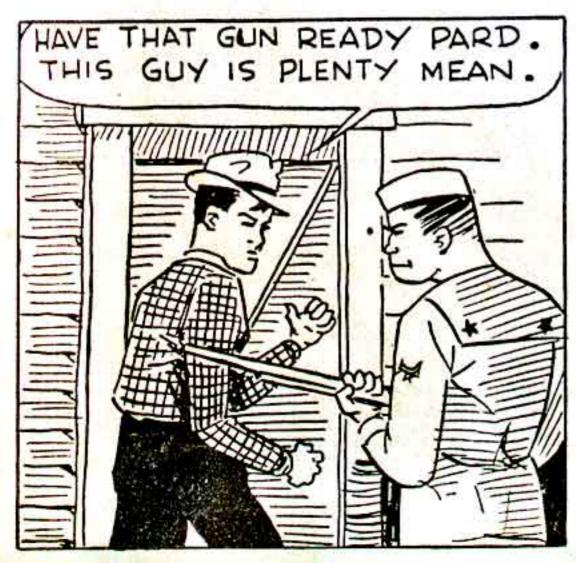


















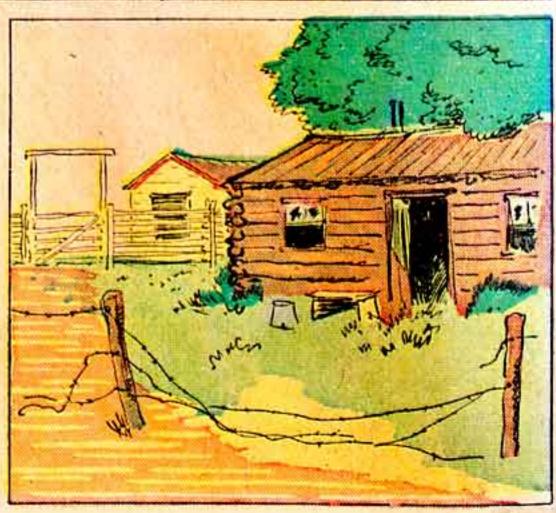


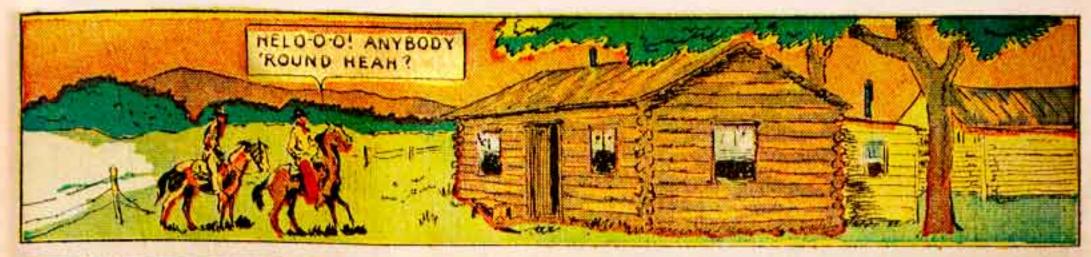


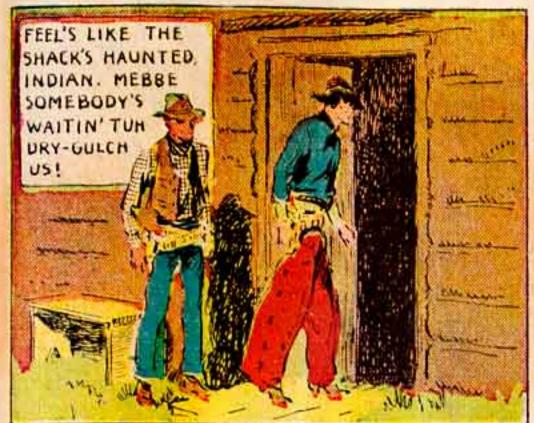


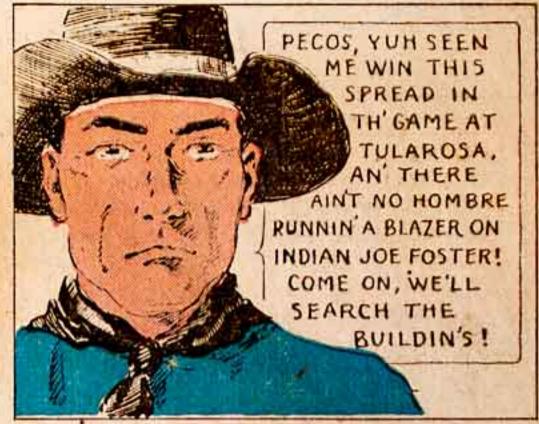




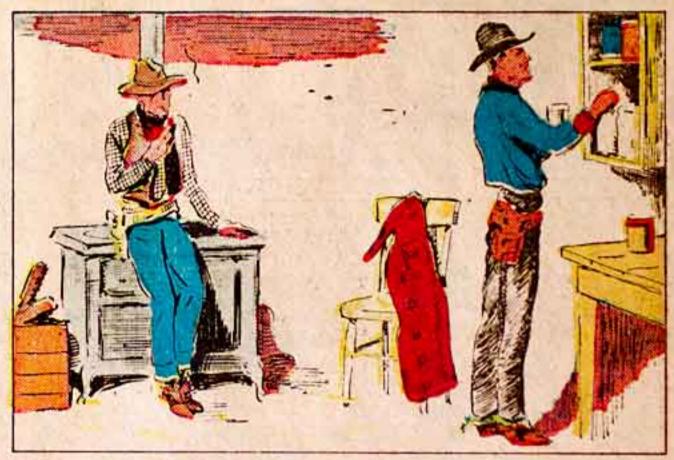


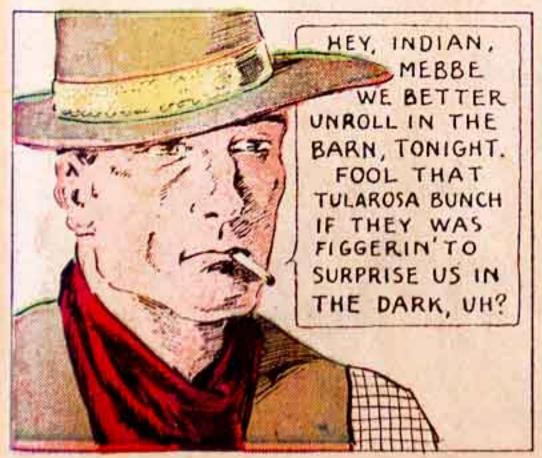


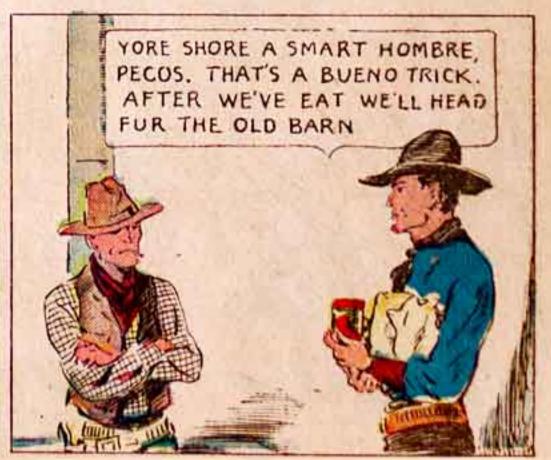


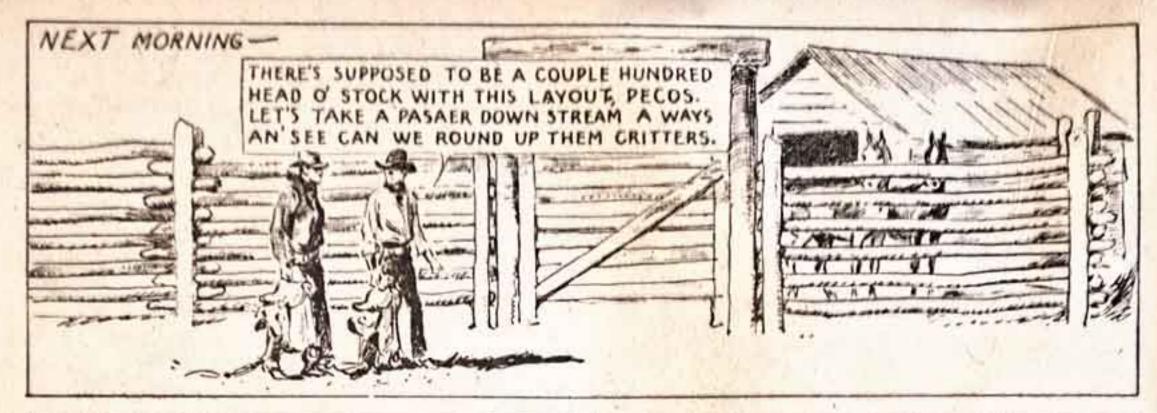


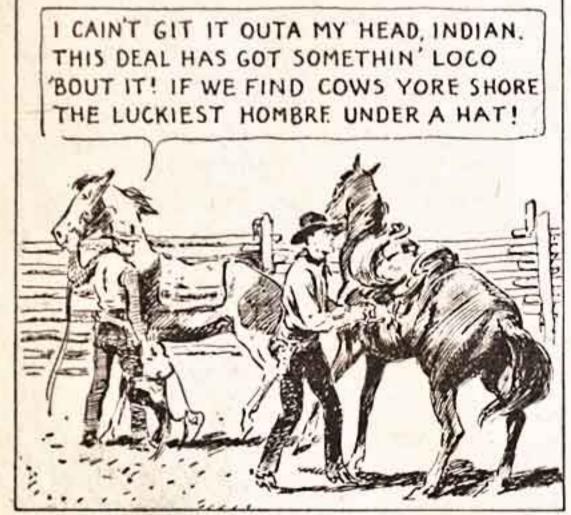
AFTER A COMPLETE SEARCH
OF THE OLD PITCHFORK
RANCH, INDIAN JOE FOSTER
AND HIS PARTNER, PECOS
MADDEN, DECIDE THAT NO
ONE OCCUPIES THE RANCH,
AND THAT THEY'LL BED
DOWN FOR THE NIGHT.
TOMORROW THEY AIM TO
LOCATE THE SMALL HERD
THAT GOES WITH THE
SPREAD.



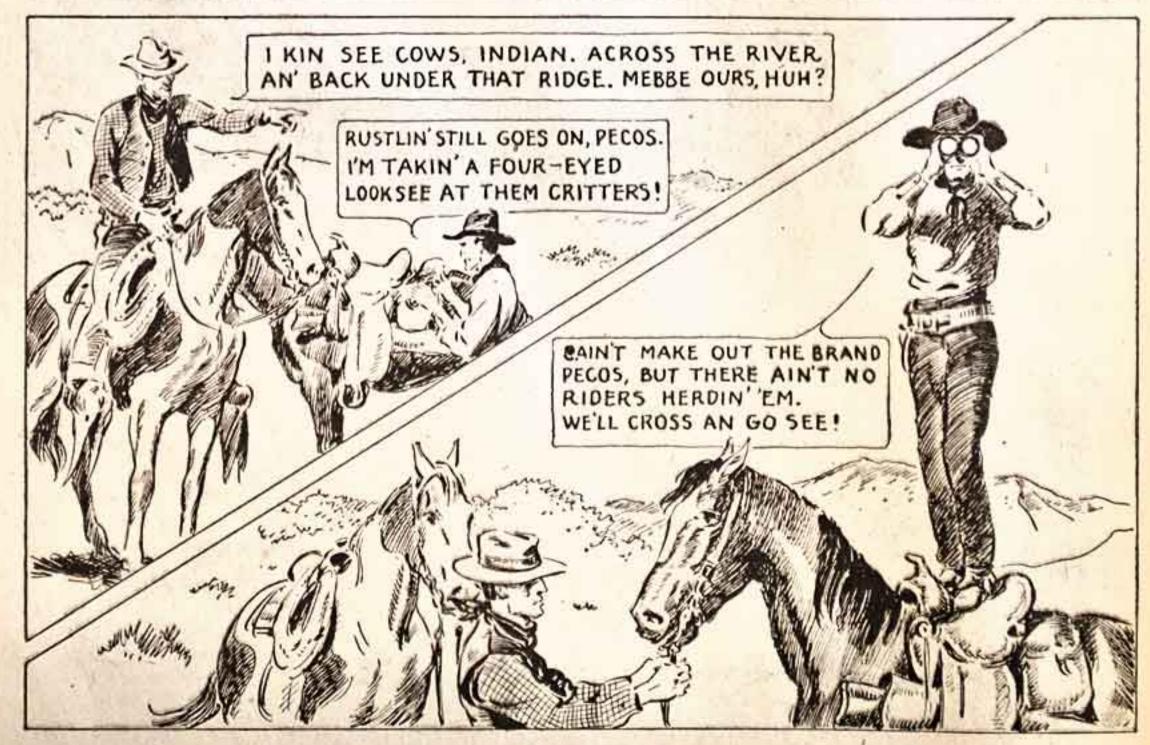












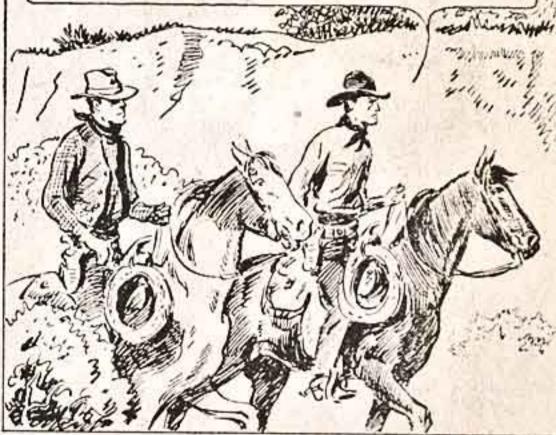
INDIAN JOE BEGINS TO FEEL THAT HIS PARTNER, PECOS MADDEN, IS
RIGHT ABOUT THE GAMBLER IN TULAROSA; THAT THIS SPREAD HE WON IS A
DEAD MAN'S HAND. LOOKS LIKE THERE'S SOME TRICK STILL UP THE GAMBLER'S
SLEEVE. BUT INDIAN AND PECOS WILL PLAY IT OUT

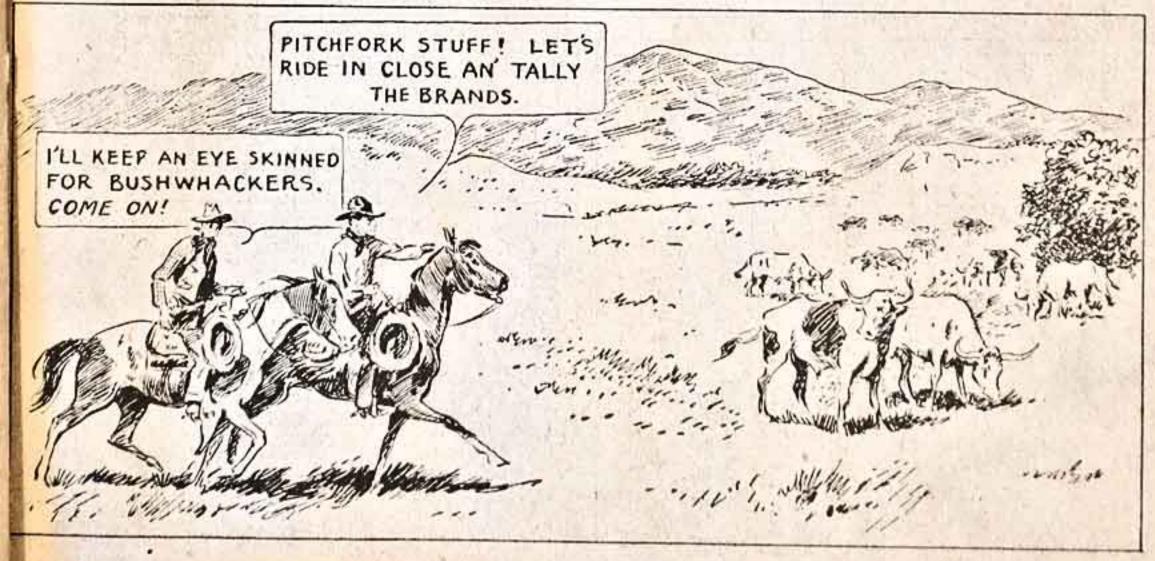


THAT TULAROSA GENT'S MEBBE'S GOT SOME WANTED HOMBRES CACHED BACK IN THE HILLS WAITIN' TO DRYGULCH US. IF WE WAS DEAD, INDIAN, HE'S STILL GOT THE RANCH, AN' HIS VULTURES'LL CLEAN OUR POCKETS

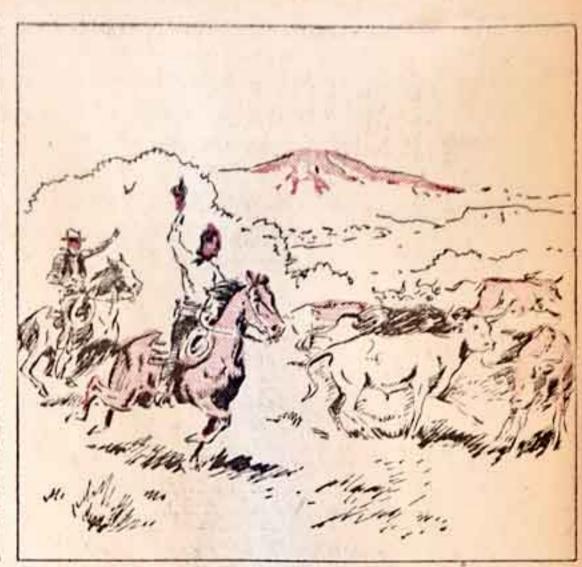


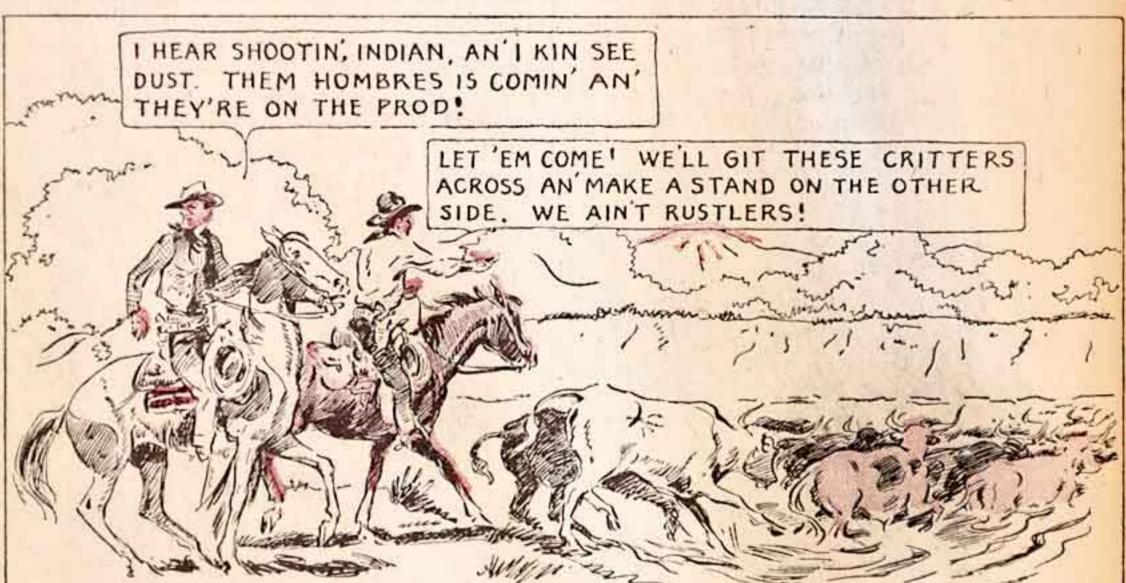
I KNEW IT WAS SOME KIND OF A TRICK, PECOS, BUT I DIDN'T SAVVY THIS THING. FIGGERED HE WANTED US OUTA THE WAY AN' WE'D MEET UP WITH A KILLER, BUNCH AT THE RANCH. EASY NOW! THERE'S THEM COWS!







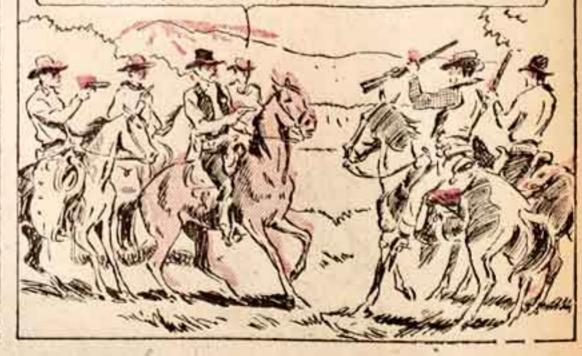




HOLD YER SHOOTIN' PECOS! LOOKS LIKE
THE LAW COMIN'. I KIN SEE A STAR ON
ONE O' THE GENTS— THE HOMBRE ON
THE BALD-FACED ROAN. AIN'T NUTHIN'
TO WORRY ABOUT.

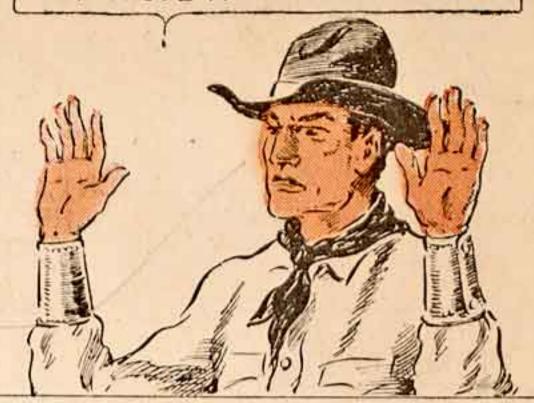


KEEP THEM CLAWS UP! THEM COWS
BELONG TO RED RIVER BRENT, HERE!
CLIMB DOWN OFF THEM BRONKS —
AN'NO QUICK MOVES! KEEP 'EM
COVERED, BRENT!

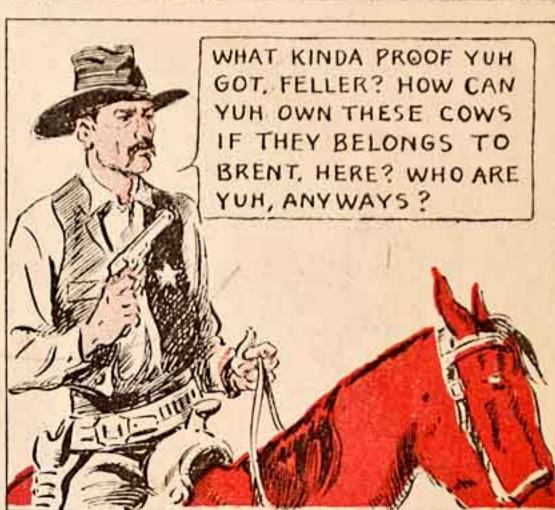




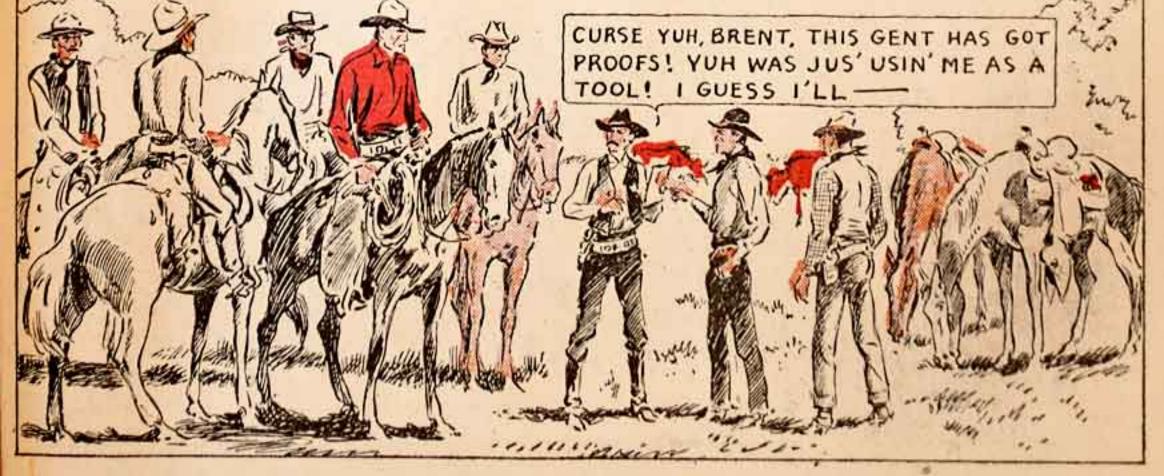
NOBODY'S RUNNIN' NO BLAZERS ON US, SHERIFF! JUS' HOLD YORE HOSSES. THESE COWS IS MINE, AN' I KIN PROVE IT!







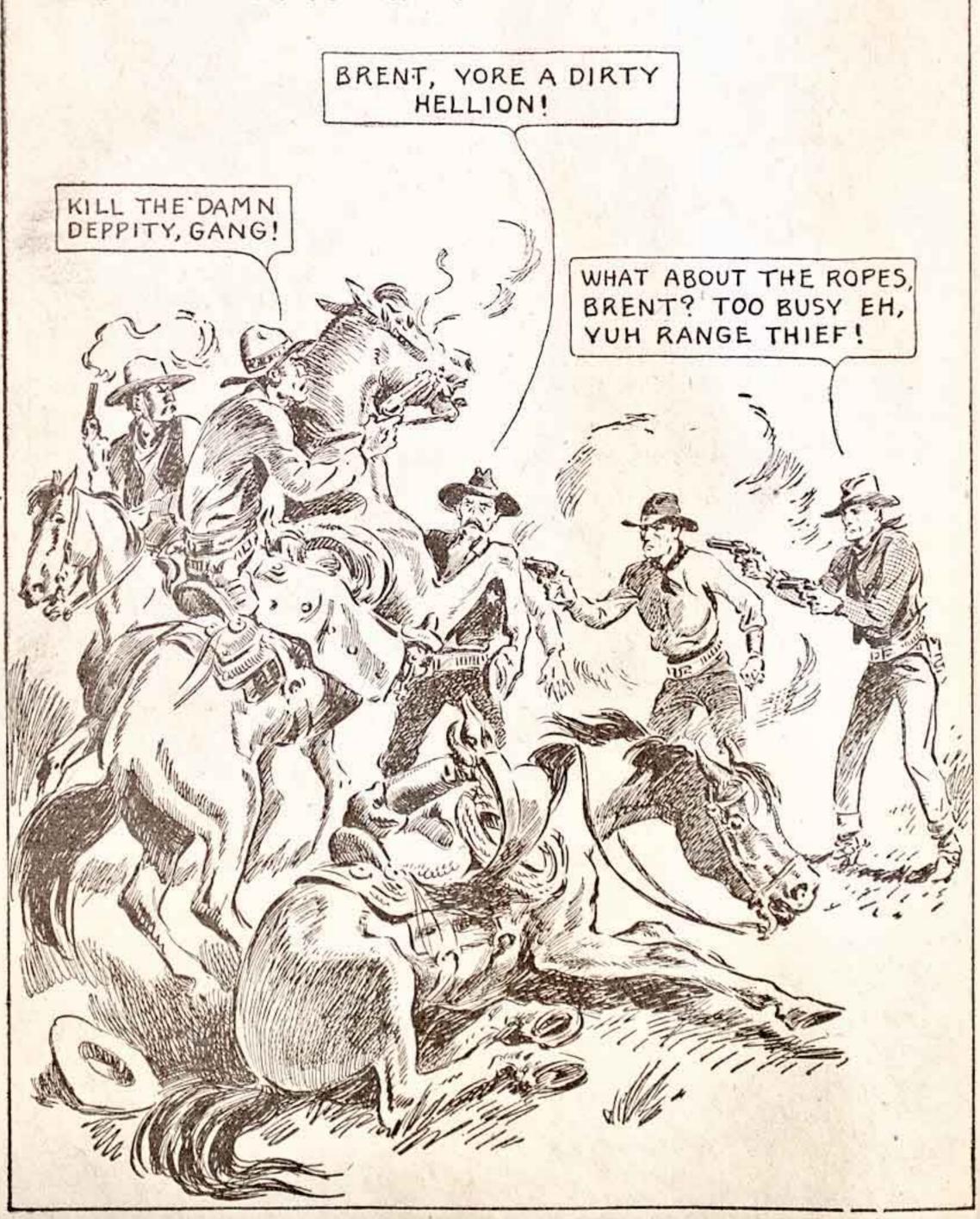
INDIAN JOE PLAYS HIS ACE-IN-THE-HOLE AND SHOWS THE LAW HIS OFFICIAL REGISTRATION OF THE PITCHFORK BRAND WHICH HE WAS SMART ENOUGH TO TAKE CARE OF IN LAS MORES BEFORE HE REACHED THE RANCH. IT WAS ALL LEGAL. RED RIVER BRENT, A RUSTLER AND THIEF HIMSELF. SAW HIS GAME BEAT, AND——



— BUT REDRIVER BRENT SAW HIS ERROR AND ONLY DEATH WOULD WIPE HIS SLATE CLEAN. HE'D OVERLOOKED CHANGING THE BRAND REGISTRATION. NOW HE AND HIS GANG TRIED MURDER TO WIN.

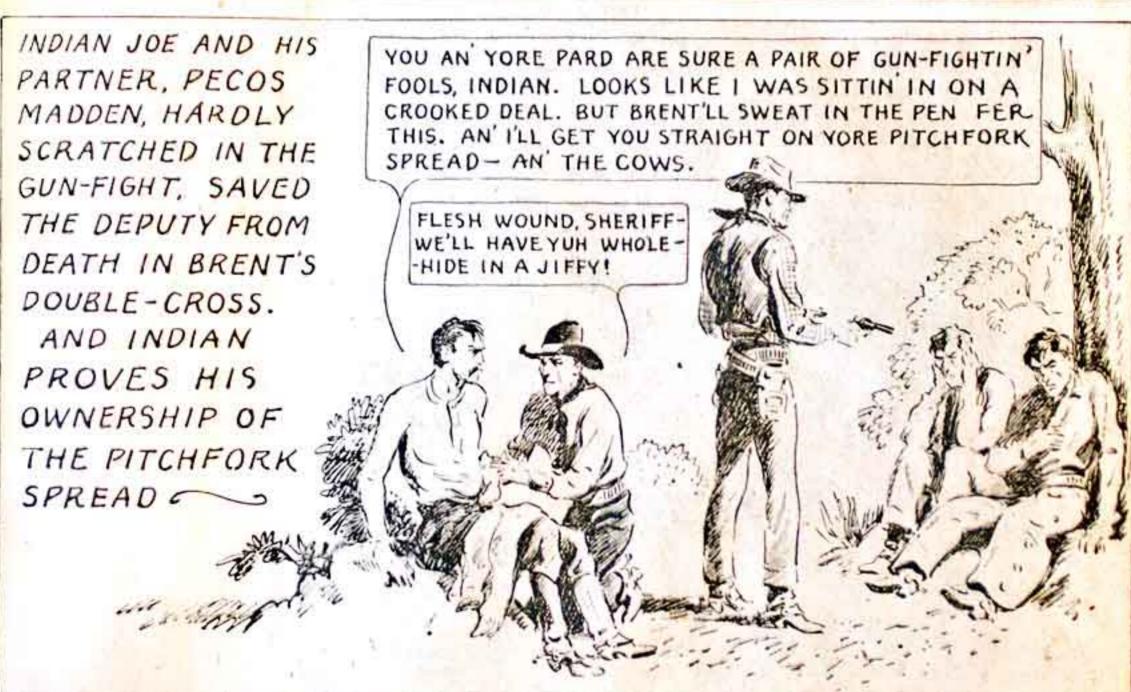
BUT INDIAN JOE AND PECOS WERE GUN-FIGHTERS.

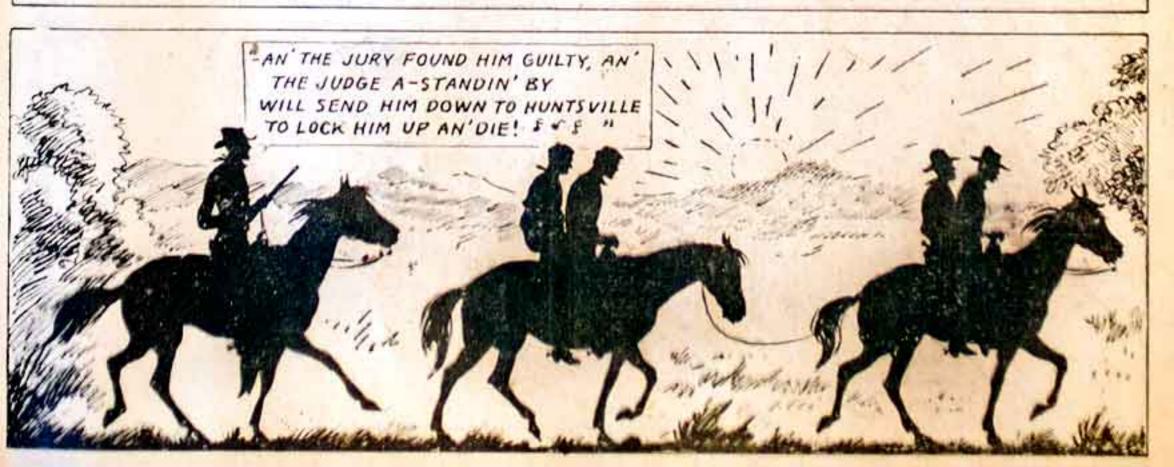
THIS WAS THEIR MEAT.



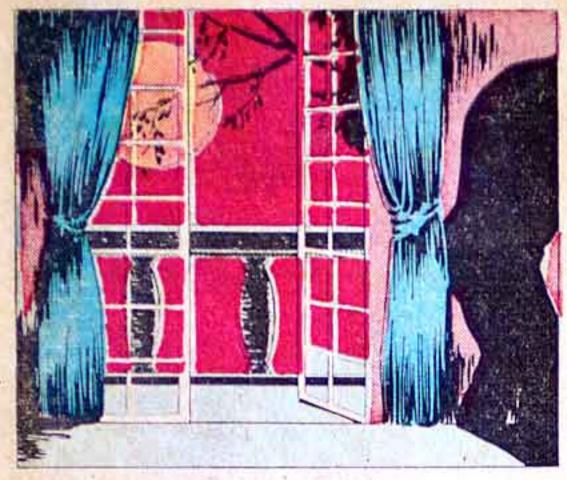
















POOR GLORIA HEARD NOISES AND WENT DOWN TO INVESTIGATE. THIS MONSTER OR WHATEVER IT WAS GRABBED HER AND DARTED OFF JUST AS I RUSHED IN GOD-IT WAS TERRIBLE! I FOUND THE SAFE OPEN -- AND THE FORMULA FOR THE EXPLOSIVE THAT WE GOT FROM THE FLOATING CITY GONE -- OH! IT'S ALL TOO HORRIBLE -- AND POOR GLORIA!

HER BACK

THERE

NOW.

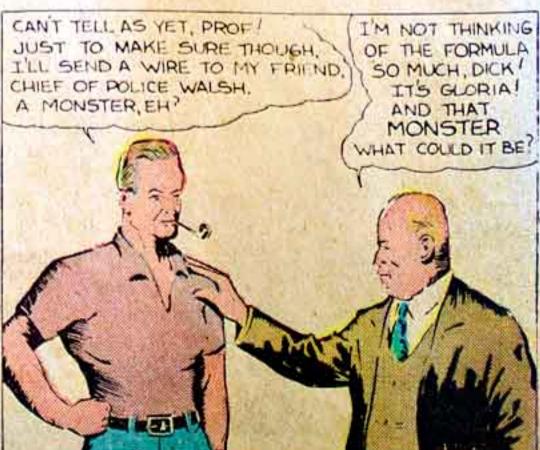
PROF

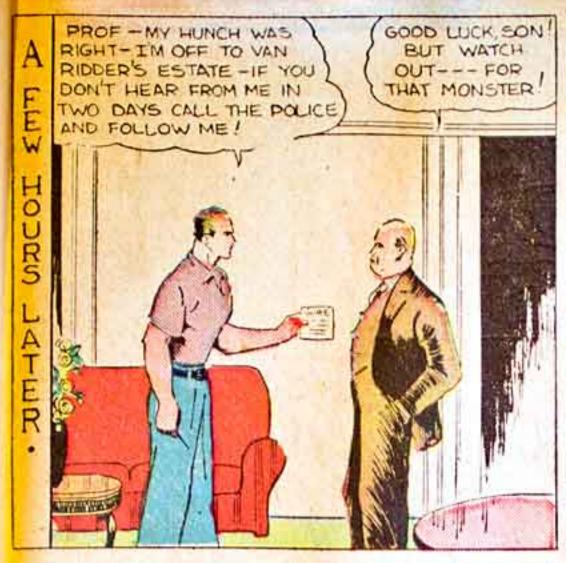
BUCK UP-

WE'LL

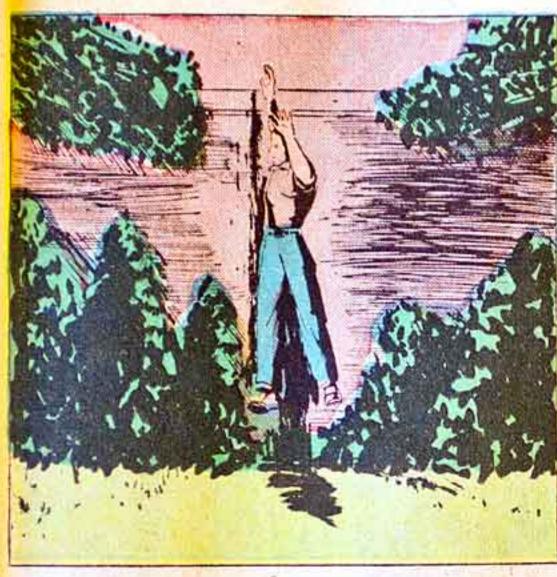
GET

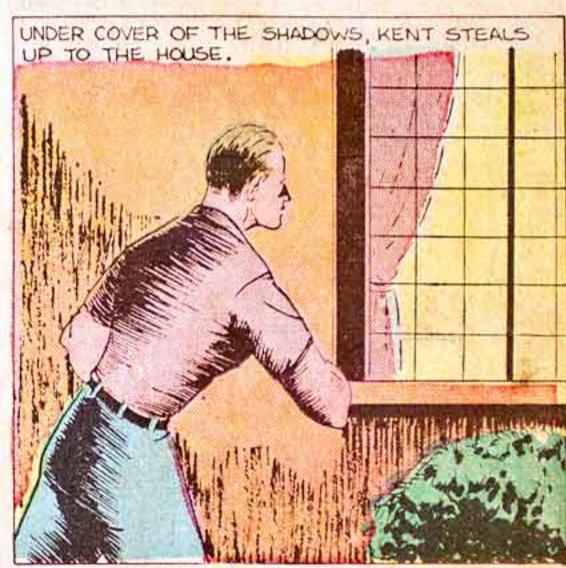


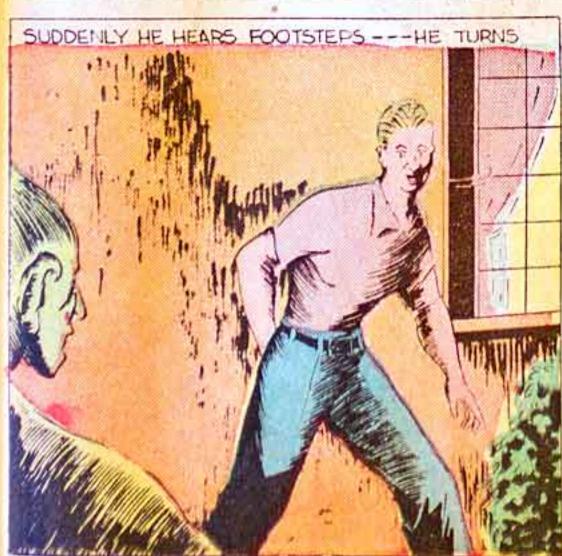


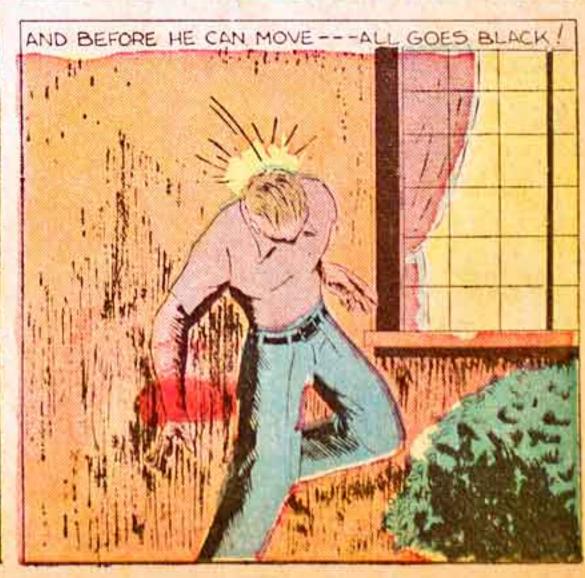




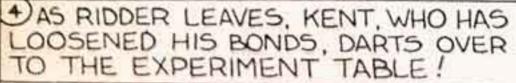


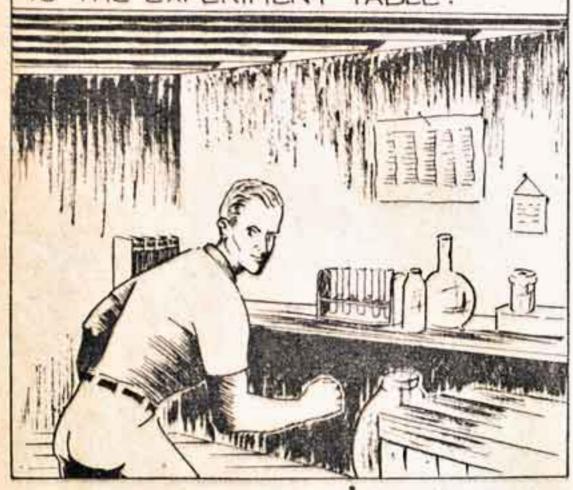




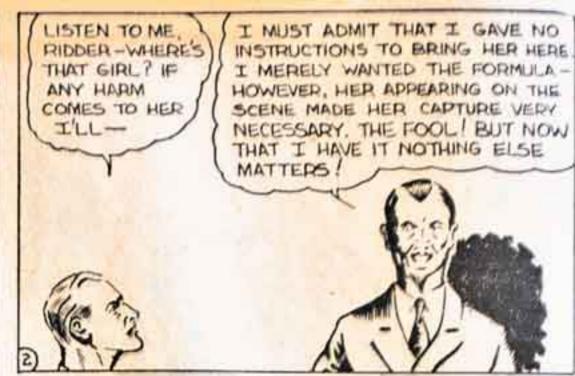










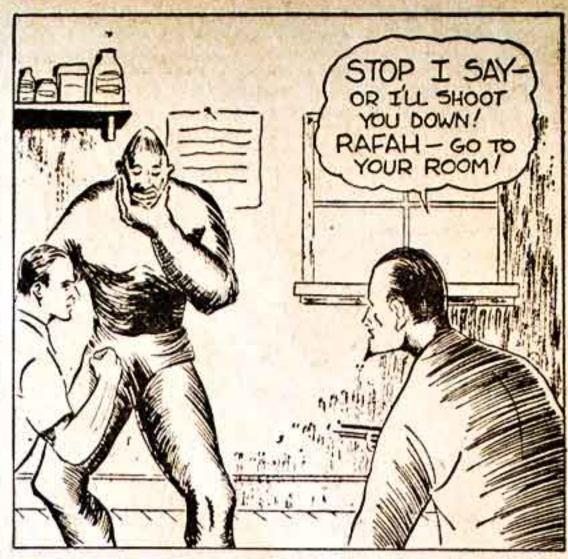










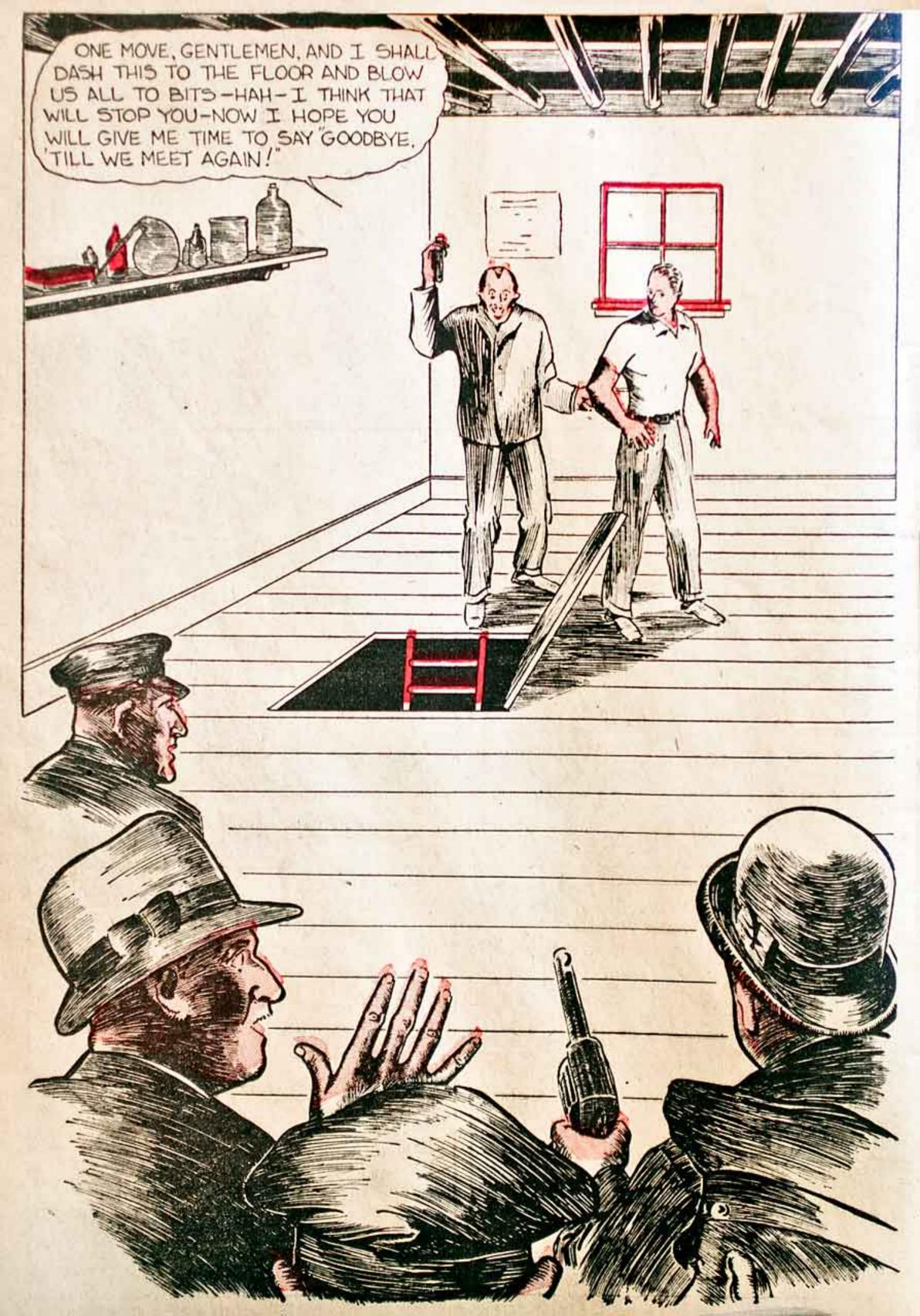


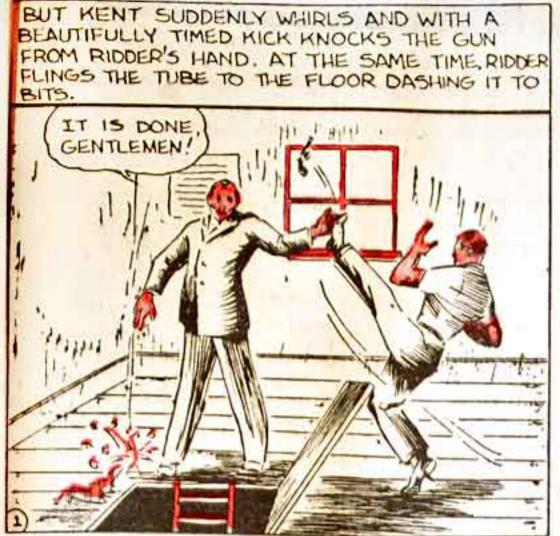












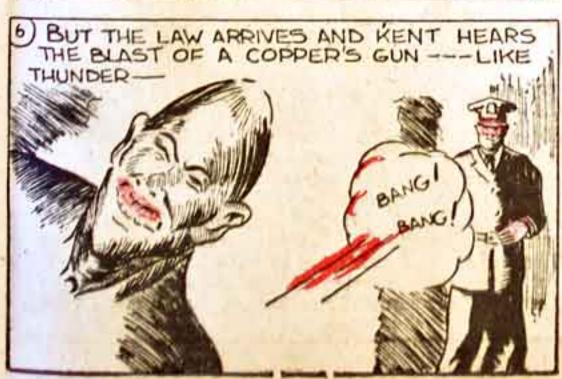




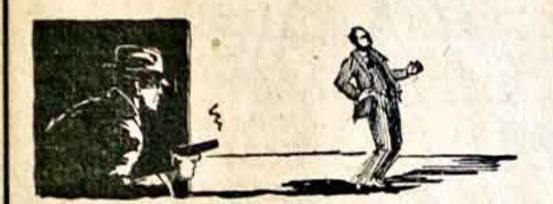








BATTLING A Hard-Hitting Story of Quick Adventure! BEAU Malcolm Bruce BRUMMEL



DYNAMITE Devaney jerked on the reins of his team and swore. As a matter of fact he swore many times and in a manner quite shocking to a part of his audience. Before him and behind him were other trucks, and taxis, and each driver now began offering advice to the big "blue-tongued" truckmen who was jamming the traffic. It was early evening in the summer and the long, almost horizontal rays of a retreating sun shone full in the sweat-streaked face of Devaney as he leaned from his perch

It was not the fault of the horses, nor was it exactly Dynamite's fault that he was causing a block in the traffic, but as he jerked forth his whip and began plying it with a will on the helpless animals a window in a taxi close alongside was drawn down and the face of a man appeared, calling to the profane Devaney.

high above the horses.

"Shut your face," barked Dynamite with only a glance at the face in the window. He said more, about young fops in soup-and-fish togs that'd better stay in where it was safe. Dynamite had never been a judge of faces.

A moment of this and the door of the taxi was flung open. From it stepped a tall young man of more than pleasing countenance who wore the accepted thing in evening clothes, and an air of mild gentility slightly aroused. With a word of assurance to the girl who leaned toward him from the cab, he approached the plunging horses.

"Put up your whip," he said in a low commanding voice.

But Devaney only swung it more viciously and addressed his best style of profanity direct at the immaculately attired man below.

Taxi drivers and truckmen bounced from their seats, scenting trouble. It was inevitable. As the crowd gathered the man in evening clothes retired to the side of the taxi from which he had but a moment before emerged. Devaney had been right. He was a quitter and was sneaking back to the safety of the machine. Another example of Devaney's poor judgement. The fop was divesting himself calmly of his hat, his gloves, his coat and his cane. Devaney roared with delight. The dude was displaying symptoms of insanity.

For a moment the stranger stood placating the girl who had started to remonstrate with him as he tossed his clothes into the seat beside her. With a final gesture of reassurance he again turned toward Devaney's truck.

Few pedestrians were abroad at the time, but

Adventure crowded the life of Bob and found him always ready with his maulies. Here is a big story of a big young man in a big city. You'll like him, and his career is a real thriller.

among those who grouped themselves along the curb was one who looked with speculative eyes on the man whose white, spotless vest was decidedly out of place in such a setting.

"Will you put that whip away?" called the vested one to Devaney. Shirt sleeves were being rolled upward in a workmanlike fashion, and the speculative man remarked to his friend at the curb.

"Judge," he said in a gentle drawling voice, "I think you an' me are goin' to see brains get an awful cockin' from brawn. That's Dynamite Devaney up on that seat."

The Honorable John Yeoman glanced at his friend Ace Martin, and chucked. For years Martin, he knew, had been managing boxers of every hue and shape. Big ones and little ones had climbed high up the fistic ladder of fame and fortune under the masterful tutelage of the venerable manager. But Yeoman held a different opinion in the present instance.

"I think you're wrong, Ace," he argued. "This looks to me like an example of my argument right now. A fair amount of brawn coupled with brains will destroy twice its own weight in brawn alone. Ho!"

Dynamite was glowering on the upturned face of the man on the ground.

"Fer two bits I'd smack you down wit' dis," he bawled, threatening the other with his whip. "Go crawl back in the coopay wid yer jane an' shut yer face."

The answer to this was silent but sure and Judge Youman gripped Martin's arm as the man on the ground leaped.

There came a scream, a tiny muffled appeal, from the girl in the taxi, as her escort sought to clutch the kicking foot of the cursing truckman.

"Come down," he shouted now above the roar of the horns and bellowing of the waiting drivers. "Come down and say that to me again."

DEVANEY leaped from his perch and even as he left the truck he struck out with a wicked, vicious swing aimed at the man beneath him. For a brief moment there was the scurry of feet, the swish fo flying arms and hands, then, a sudden dull thud as skin covered bone met its like. The man in evening clothes had landed a clean right hook to the burly truckman's chin. Dynamite Devaney sprawled like one drunk against the heaving body of the nearest horse. As he started to slide to the ground, there came another scream from the taxi and a girl's voice

calling "Bob," but Bob was bent on a complete taming of the brute before him. He grasped the all but helpless Devaney by the collar. Feebly Dynamite tried to fight off his adversary, but Bob crashed a big capable looking open palm full in the other's face and held him propped against the side of the

"Well, I'll be-" Ace Martin stood gaping at the sight before him. Here was material of the. highest type, a ringman who could fell an over-sized heavyweight with one punch and hold him as cheaply as this man apparently held Devaney. It was not so long ago that this same Devaney fellow had been touted as a coming challenger for the crown, but he had been found independable and as a consequence became accustomed to dividing his time trucking and ring fighting. He was equally good at both, however, and lasted but a short time at either. Right now he was pretty much hors de combat

It was a neat job and well done, and as the crowd began to move to the opposite side of the street whither willing hands had partly dragged and partly carried the half conscious truckmen, a few leaped into the gap and proceeded to straighten out the traffic tangle which had steadily grown worse. Devaney's truck was jockeyed out of the wedge and

the machines began to move once more,

Ace Martin was standing near surveying the blinking truckman,

"Yep," he declared with a grin, "It's Devaney

all right."

However, unhindered by the crowd which was centered about the disillusioned pug, the victor unrolled his shirt sleeves as he returned to his own taxicab. There was a moment's pause at the door of the car and a few hurried words passed between the driver and the young man now once more arrayed in his tuxedo. Another car moved on in the traffic and from an open window shone a girl's face beaming with frank and honest admiration for the man in the street. In that fleeting glance there was a flash of recognition in the eyes of the girl. But the man was heedless of the approving look which glowed for an instant, and then was gone. Bitter disappointment had followed close on the heels of his fistic triumph.

"Go on," he said to the chauffer as he stepped into the car and closed the door. The machine rolled

off to disappear in the swirl of traffic ahead.

"Just' my luck," declared the veteran maanger as he turned eastward toward the avenue with his judicial friend. "His car is gone. I might have been able to develop that guy into a champ. You remember Judge-" he went on, and the Honorable John Yeoman listened attentively until the crowded sidewalks of the intervening street swallowed them up. Many a good fighter had been picked up under similar circumstances. Also many a tramp.

CHAPTER II A Fighting Man

FOR Robert Brummel, as he rode silently in the taxi, the whole evening was a frost, a failure. He was riding alone and for the very good reason that upon his return to the car he had found it

empty.

Helen Beresford had left him flat. According to the taxi driver, who answered him with the merest suggestion of a grin, she had departed with some remark about "a disgrace to society" and something more about "two brutes." The driver couldn't just say, but it was evident that she had put him in a class with the roughneck truckman and fled merely because he was doing what he thought was his duty, and right. Protecting her from the profanity of a ruffian and a bully, to say nothing of saving the unfortunate horses from undue and unmerciful beating. Bob was a picture of gloom until it occured to him that she had no doubt taken a taxi herself to the Marldorf and he would find her there when he arrived. There was just a chance that he could patch it up. The dinner dance however was unpromising of success as far as he was concerned for he knew Helen well enough to be sure that the task ahead of him would be no easy one.

Now no one had ever said that Ruth Potter was beautiful. It had been admitted, sometimes begrudgingly, that she was pretty; that there was a wholesome freshness in her face. Now as she rode northward alone in the deep darkness of the taxi her thoughts rushing swiftly backward through years, her face shone with a light that fairly illuminated her temporary moving prison.

All about her danced headlights, and her ears echoed to the rattle and screech of the horns, but the picture in her heart persisted. It was the face of the man-THE man-she had seen. Face to face after what seemed years and years. But instead of evening clothes and silk hat the man she remembered was wearing dirty, mud-smeared olive drab. It was a uniform and she recalled well the devil-maycare angle with which his iron hat was perched on his tousled head. She did not even know his name, but what did that matter. She had seen him again and he was in New York. But that first time.

Ruth Potter had been one of the first of her sex to volunteer her services "over there." As a member of that faithful organization of red cross workers she had been among the first to reach the other side. Week after week, month after month, she had fought besides her sisters against the ravages of dirt and disease, in the battle for life against death. Now she remembered that day up at the first aid station. It was on a narrow dirty road, hardly more than a path, and the morning was cold and cheerless. A bleak wind lashed her face no matter where she stood, and the long marching column of worn and weary faces that passed her still moved by in a vividness that made it seem but yesterday.

It was a picture out of the past that she now saw and in it was engraved more deeply than the rest the face of a man, who was but a boy, and who trudged gamely past bearing another's burden as well as his own. The troops were "going out" for a rest. Theirs had been the brunt of the siege. Night after night they had moved up on the enemy's position, driving him steadily, surely, backward, until now it was given them to rest up, to recuperate for the big drive that was soon to come.

Nobody spoke. It was a silent procession and only the shuffling and stumbling of heavy shod feet vied with the rush of the wind.

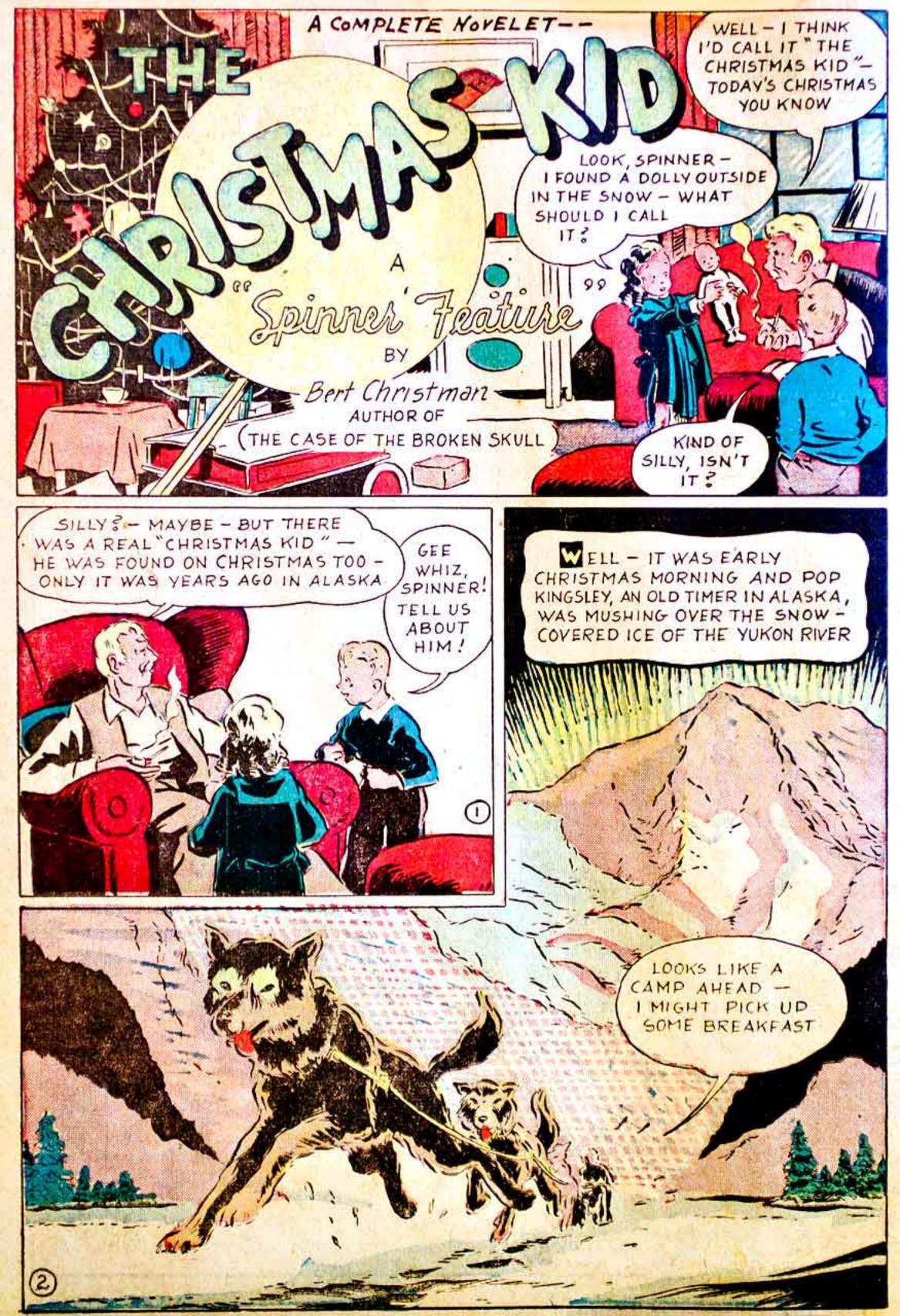
She had noticed him more because he appeared to be marching alone as he brought up the rear of a company, and he staggered now and then from side to side of the road. On one shoulder he carried his pack, bulging and thrown together in haste. Across his other shoulder he bore the inert figure of his buddy, a thin, worn out figure of a man whose feet hung loosely in front of the man who carried him. In one hand the big boy carried two rifles and in the other he half dragged, half carried the pack belonging to his buddy.

As he passed he glanced up. Just for a moment, In his eyes there flashed a silent salute to the girl.

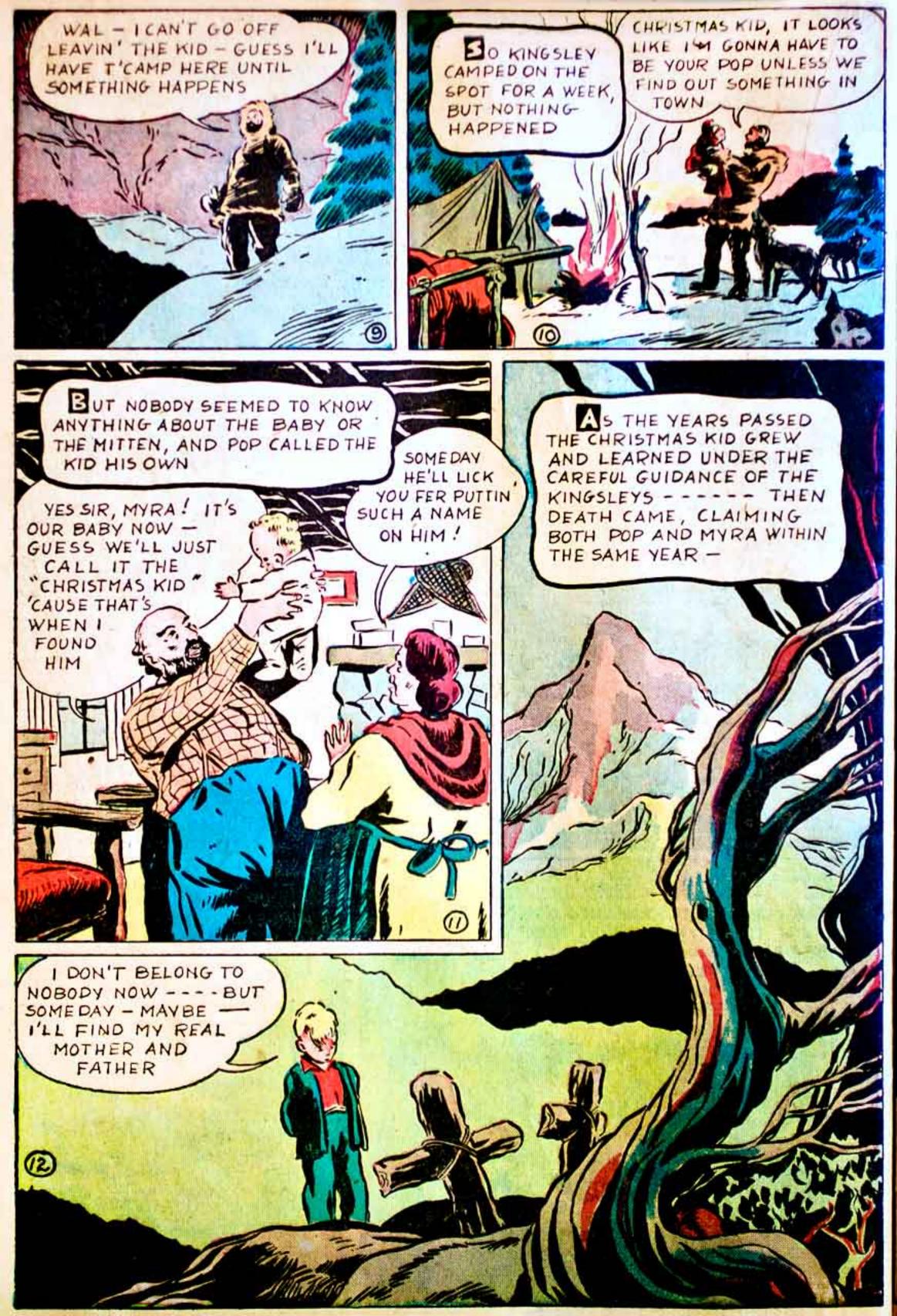
"Drop him here," she had called impulsively, but the big fellow only shook his head, and grinned.

"I'm taking him back for a rest," he said, and went on, mumbling something about his "buddy."

CONTINUED-DON'T MISS THE NEXT ISSUE



















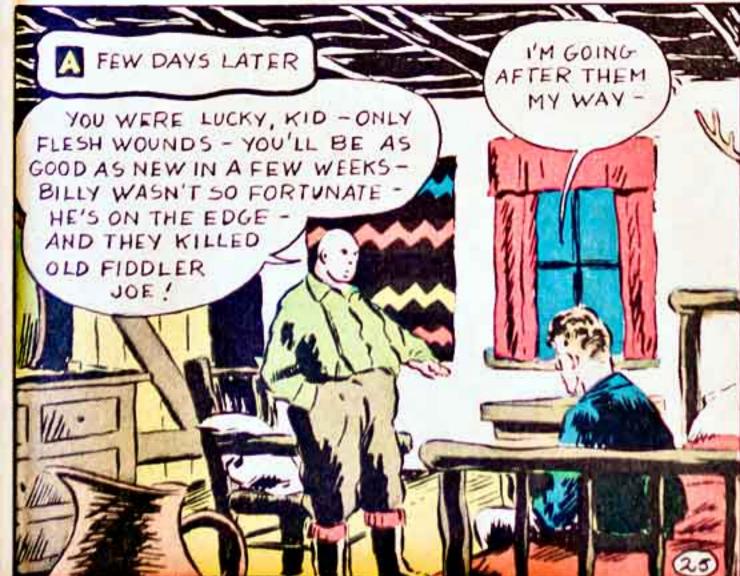








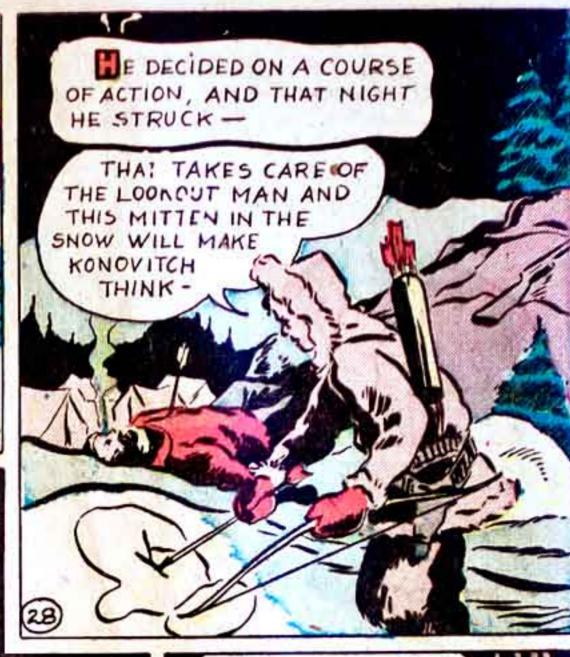




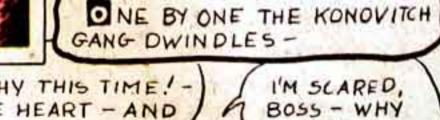






















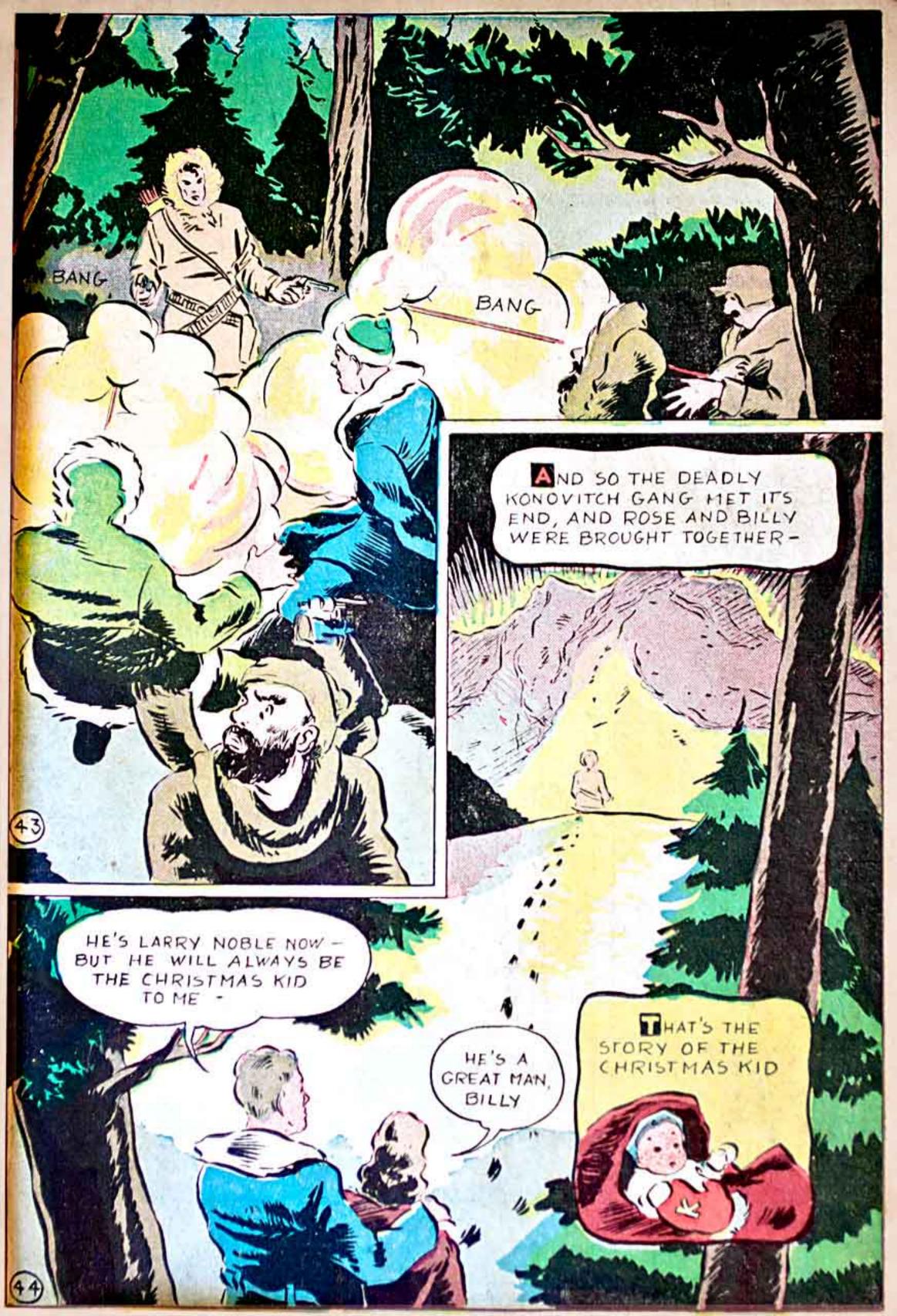












THED RAIDER

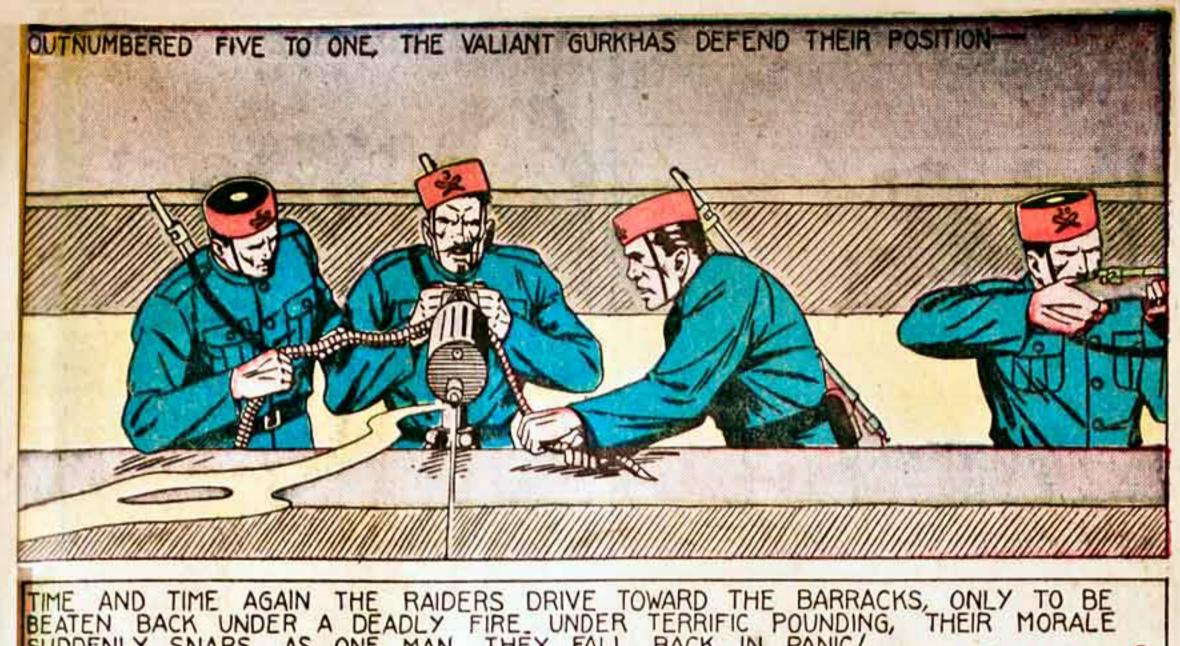
A COMPLETE ADVENTURE STORY IN PICTURES--by E. MSD. MOORE, JR.















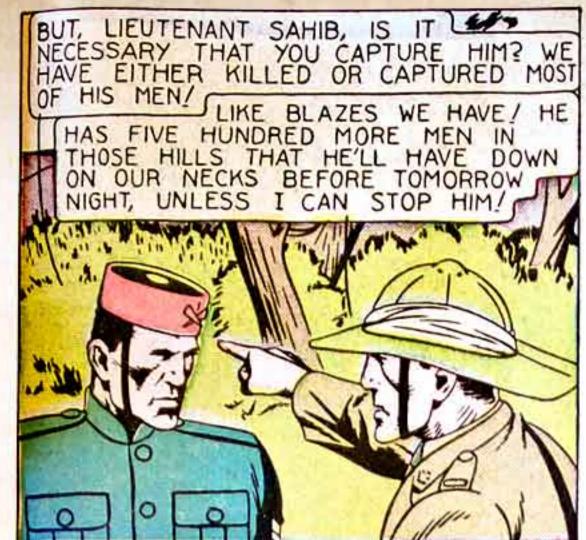








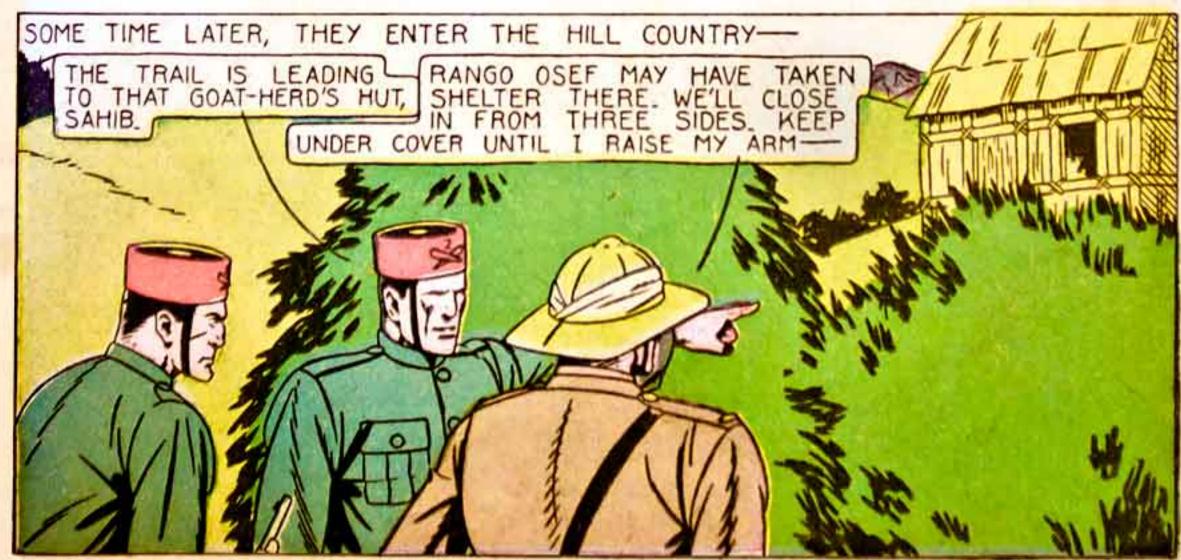






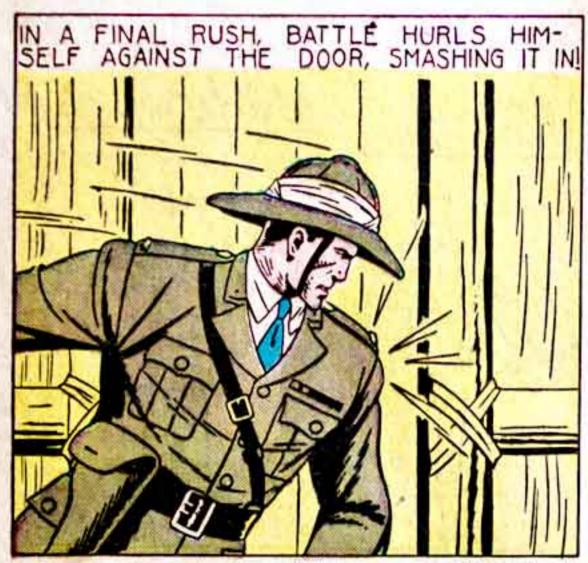
















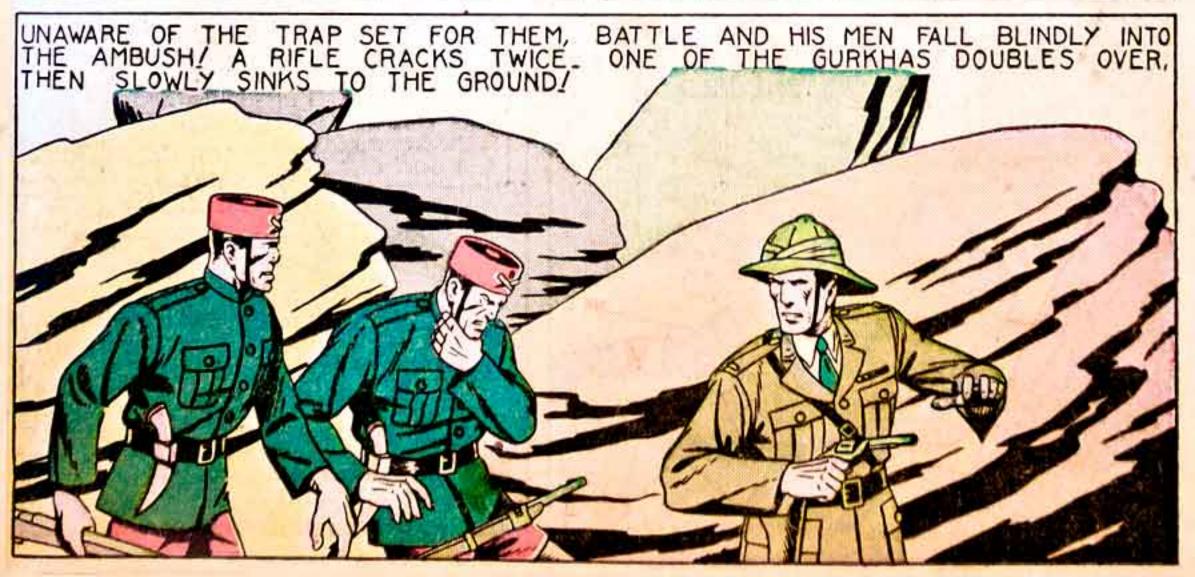




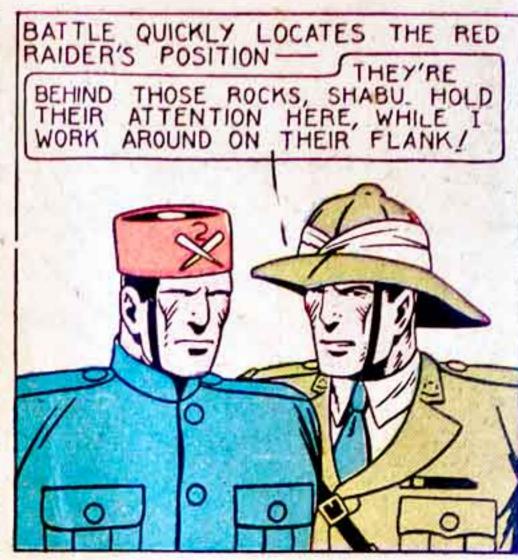






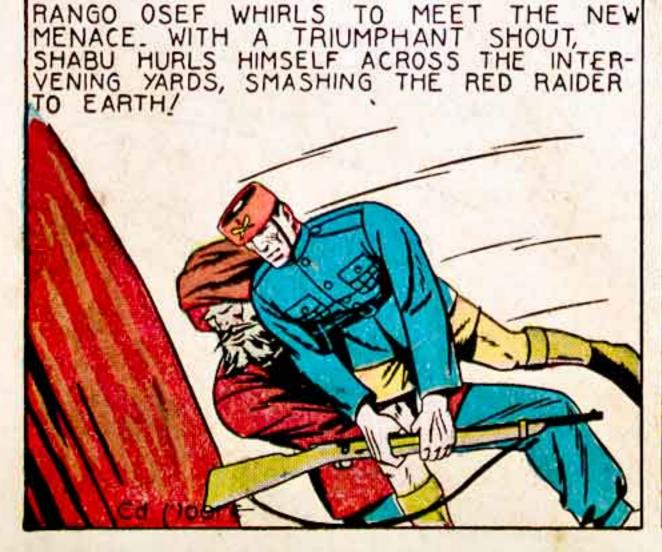
















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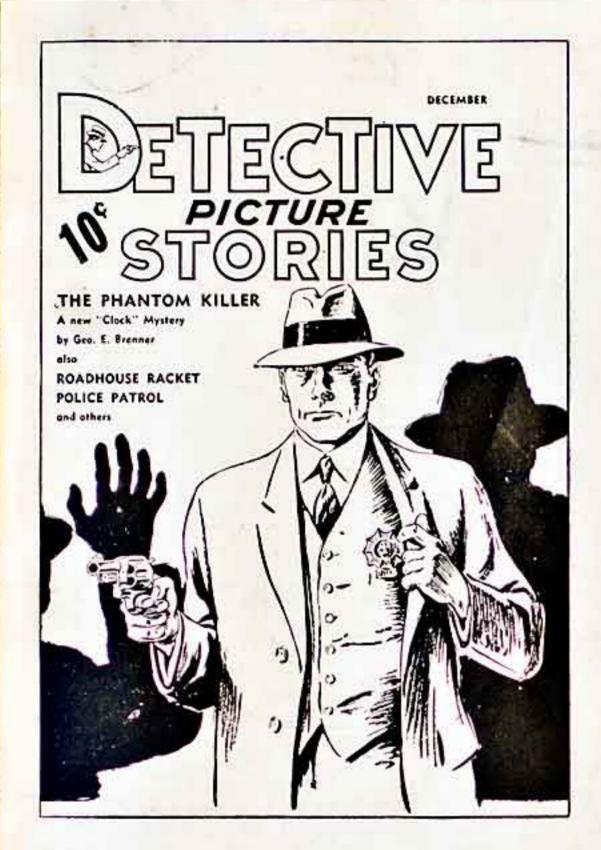
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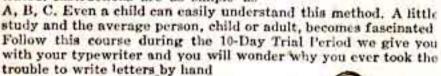
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